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## THE CRISIS ON THE CONTINENT.

NO sooner had the Emperor of the FRENCH returned from Salzburg than he began to take measures to reassure Europe. First he spoke to several hundred schoolmasters, and, feeling that they would like to be addressed in the language which they are accustomed to use, he informed them that patriotism and religion are the keys of happiness. Then he went on to Arras and Lille, and made speech after speech of the most pacific kind. He spoke of his own position with much confidence and candour. Weak princes, on tottering thrones, detested and distrusted by their subjects, might be allowed to feel the temptation to distract the attention of their country from dwelling on home grievances by plunging into foreign wars. But he had no occasion for this. He was the elect of eight millions, and those millions were faithful to him still. Wherever he went he found that he and the EMPRESS were dear to the crowds that assembled to welcome them, and his son also came in for their blessings. Peace, which was thus possible for him because he was strong and beloved, was also the wisest policy for him and for every one else. But he could not avoid seeing that there were mistaken persons who were bent on forcing on a war, who frightened themselves and their neighbours by their foolish alarms, and who took every occasion to represent war as altogether unavoidable. Such men were, he said, very bad friends to their country, and were very small and narrow-minded politicians. They could not look on things as a whole. Now he ventured to ask the inhabitants of Arras and Lille to contemplate his career since he had had the whole power of France in his hands, and they would, he felt satisfied, come to the conclusion that he had been on the whole very successful. That the sun had spots he frankly owned, and one of these spots has lately been apparent to all the world. The Mexican expedition was a sad failure; but then impartial men must allow that, when it was first undertaken, it was a very promising enterprise. There was, it is true, a fundamental error pervading it. For its success, it was necessary that the Mexicans should have some good qualities, some wish for improvement, some gratitude for kindness. As it happened, this was altogether a mistake. The Mexicans were unmitigated blackguards, and there was no doing anything with them. But although this mistake was made, and although Mexico has been, as it must be confessed, a dark spot, yet the generally luminous character of the EMPEROR's reign remains unaffected. Such a ruler can afford to be sincere, and to deal honestly with his people. He says that he means peace, and he therefore ought to be believed. There ought to be no foolish national jealousies, no criticism of the policy of the Government, no attempt to prescribe the course which the Government ought to follow. The Government is wise and good, and knows what is best for every one. At present it knows that peace is the best of all good things; and as it knows this, its conclusions ought to be universally accepted, and every one ought to be pacific and contented.

Such ought to be the general feeling, but it is not. Instead of feeling pacific and happy, every one sets himself to think what the EMPEROR can mean by talking so much about peace. Is it his little pleasant way of concealing a purpose of war? Last year he spoke very warlike words, and peace followed; now that he speaks very peaceful words, war may follow. In itself such a speculation as this would not come to much. It would only amount to telling us that the EMPEROR is not to be trusted—that he says one thing and means another. But the EMPEROR has done something more lately than talk of peace in French towns. He has been to Salzburg, and there he has talked something, whether tending to peace or war, with the Emperor of AUSTRIA. It is difficult to see how this meeting can have been one in the in-

terests of peace. If the EMPERORS wished for peace, they might very easily have had it. They had only to stay each in his own dominions, and mind his own business. But they have met, and spent nearly a week in talking politics, and they can scarcely have done this for nothing. In spite of all the speeches about patriotism and religion, and all the proofs that the EMPEROR must be peaceful because he is so strong, there remains the plain question, why did the EMPEROR go to Salzburg? The official answer is that France is very peaceful, and Austria is very peaceful. They want nothing that does not honestly belong to them. All they wish is that the Treaty of Prague should be rigorously observed. By this treaty Prussia is bound to allow the States of South Germany to form themselves into an independent Confederation, and she is also bound to refer the question of the nationality of North Schleswig to the decision of the North Schleswigers themselves. All that France and Austria ask is that Prussia will do what she has engaged to do, and will be kind and friendly to the Danes, and will not interfere directly or indirectly in the affairs of South Germany. This is all that is asked, and very moderate it seems. Prussia is only to do what she is bound to do. But no one who knows the circumstances believes that the case is quite so simple as this statement of the facts might lead us to suppose. How far does North Schleswig extend? The Danes had a dim notion that it must be large enough to include Alsen and Duppel; but Prussia laughed at the notion that she could be called on to give up positions that she had spent much and endured much to win. And at last the Danes, who had taken to very grand ways and seemed like heroes on the eve of a gigantic conflict, have had orders to be tamer and more sensible; and the probabilities are that the North Schleswig business will not henceforth give much trouble. The Danes will be told by their big friends at Vienna and Paris to keep quiet, and they are sure to obey. But this only makes the crisis more dangerous as regards South Germany. In the matter of Schleswig, it is very hard to prove Prussia in the wrong. No attempt, therefore, is to be made to cast odium on Prussia for what she has done to Denmark; and the attention of men is concentrated on that which is to be made the main grievance, the relations of Prussia to Southern Germany. If the Treaty of Prague is to be observed to the letter, the Northern States are to be kept apart from those States which form what was meant to be the Southern Confederation. The Treaty of Prague contemplates these Southern States as independent of Prussia, and recognises Germany as divided into three sections. To aim at the unity of Germany is, therefore, to violate the Treaty of Prague, and to uphold the Treaty of Prague is to oppose the unity of Germany.

The Prussian papers naturally talk much less pacifically than the EMPERORS do. They say very plainly that a sort of challenge has been given to Prussia and to Germany, and they are quite ready to accept it. Out of this state of things war might grow so easily that it would be much more probable than not that a few months will see the beginning of a campaign, were it not that there is no overt act of defiance which either party can feel itself impelled to take. If France is pacific, Prussia in her turn may be passive. She is not called on, in her own defence or for her own honour, to violate any article of the Treaty of Prague. She does not wish that the States of the South should change their position at present. She much prefers that they should remain outside the Confederation of the North, which already contains many adverse and unreliable, and perhaps even some dangerous, members. Meanwhile the effect in the South of the league between France and Austria can scarcely fail to be favourable to Prussia. The South Germans see clearly before them the choice of being the vassals of France or the allies of Prussia. An alliance with Prussia is

not exactly the alliance they would wish for. They do not like Prussian officials, or the Prussian conscription, or the Prussian system of high-handed government. But to Germans anything is better than not being German. The necessities of daily life, the interchange of commodities and material interests in every shape, will add continually to the practical union which will subsist between the North and the South. The Prussians cannot avoid seeing that time is working in their favour, and that they can afford to wait, and need not wish to violate the Treaty of Prague in any flagrant manner. In this lies the real hope of peace. Why should any one begin to take a step that must lead to war? Prussia, in letting things remain as they are, is getting what she wants, and France and Austria are pledged not to interfere if Prussia lets things go on as they are. The only thing is that the Emperor of the French speaks of his recent policy as a decisive one. France, he says, has resumed her proper place in Europe; but how has she done this? If France is to wait and do nothing as long as Prussia keeps quiet, and if this keeping quiet is obviously and avowedly preparing the way for Prussia to exercise a supremacy, in one shape or other, over the whole of Germany, how can it be said that France has resumed her proper place, or got any advantage whatever? Prussia has lost nothing and France gained nothing by the meeting at Salzburg; and if this is so, the effect which that meeting was intended to produce is at an end. Prussia has not yielded anything, nor has France done anything on which she can pride herself. And in this lies the great danger of war—that France is thus in a manner defeated by peace. But this is, we may hope, a somewhat remote danger; it is not like the danger, or rather the certainty, of war that would exist if there were some distinct act which Prussia was known to be desirous to do, and which France distinctly forbade her to do. Things may remain quiet until the general feelings of Frenchmen and Germans are a little altered, until internal changes take place in one country or the other, until France can do something in some other quarter to make it evident that she has resumed her proper position. Still the state of things is exceedingly critical, and we must not allow ourselves to be too readily cheered by the pacific speeches of the Emperor.

#### SPAIN.

THE proverbial difficulty of understanding Spanish affairs is increased by the uniform mendacity of all native and foreign reporters of Spanish transactions. DANIEL himself would have been puzzled if he had not known the dream before he supplied the interpretation; and the precedents of former insurrections in Spain are too various to supply plausible guidance. According to the friends of the Government of Madrid, an idle adventure of a handful of partisans has been summarily suppressed, and the institution of a state of siege in the greater part of the kingdom is not absolutely inconsistent with the prevalence of tranquillity; but, on the other hand, it is reported that one or two regiments have been cut to pieces, that General MANSO has been killed in action, and that desertions from the army are numerous. The working Constitution of Spain is little more than a state of siege or of military rule, occasionally interrupted by an ostensible return to more regular forms of government. No revolt had recently occurred when Marshal NARVAEZ, a few months ago, imprisoned the majority of the Chamber of Deputies, with the Speaker, for the offence of presenting a loyal address to the Queen. Arbitrary banishment of rival politicians to remote colonies, and capital punishment of suspected officers, are ordinary methods of preserving order at Madrid. The announcement of a state of siege is equivalent to a declaration that the Government is about to vindicate its authority by new acts of violence; and the attempt at insurrection in the Northern provinces, if it has really been suppressed, may perhaps have been welcomed as an excuse for an additional number of arrests and executions. On the other hand, it is possible that the Government may have serious cause for alarm, and that the revolt is spreading. The official statement that the garrison of Madrid was faithful may have been false, or but provisionally true, and it may also imply a doubt of the fidelity of the remainder of the army. Catalonia has from the days of PHILIP IV. generally taken a course of its own in revolutions; and the report that the Governor of BARCELONA had taken the field with his whole garrison seems to imply an expectation of a serious conflict in the province. The leaders on both sides probably think it expedient to boast of success before it has been achieved, for the future issue of the struggle depends,

not on a balance of ascertained forces, but on the loyalty or treason of the army.

The existence of a carcass to be devoured, in the shape of a possible revolution, is proved by the gathering of eagles or vultures on the frontier. O'DONNELL, SERRANO, and other Spanish Ministers of the past, and perhaps of the future, are recruiting their health at the French bathing-place of Biarritz; but it seems to be understood that PRIM is in the first instance to face the dangers of the enterprise. A Spanish General of some note, who has never become a Minister, or even a Marshal, is necessarily stimulated by the appetite of unsatisfied patriotism. A year or two ago General PRIM failed to induce the garrison of Madrid to mutiny, and the non-commissioned officers who were supposed to have favoured his cause were shot down in considerable numbers; but the principal conspirator satisfied himself that, for an officer of high rank, rebellion was one of the least dangerous of experiments. Although the army refused to join his cause, General PRIM retreated at his leisure through the hills, until, after a fortnight's tour, he thought it convenient to cross the frontier of Portugal. It was fully understood that he would resume his enterprise as soon as he foresaw a reasonable probability of success. O'DONNELL and NARVAEZ himself have at different times attained power by similar methods, and it is probably felt that PRIM is entitled to his turn. Of all the generals who have governed Spain since the commencement of the present reign, O'DONNELL was perhaps the ablest, and ESPARTERO the least dishonest; but there has been no substantial difference in the principle of administration. General PRIM, like his predecessors, would shoot, banish, or imprison his enemies, and perhaps he might employ competent civilians to carry on the ordinary machinery of government. Marshal NARVAEZ relies for political aid on GONZALES BRAVO, the former tool of M. GUIZOT and Count BRESSON, and in popular estimation the most unscrupulous of Spanish Ministers. The real head of the Government is necessarily a soldier in Spain, for the same reason which confines the exercise of power to Parliamentary leaders in England. The ultimate force rests in one country with the House of Commons, and in the other with the army. None of the modern revolutions in Spain have borne a political character, although successive Ministers may have affected to be Moderates or Progressists. The predominance of the army under O'DONNELL, NARVAEZ, or PRIM constitutes a military despotism; and it seems that the mass of the community has abandoned all share in political action, and even in revolution. It is useless to agitate or conspire for results which are entirely dependent on alien force; and armies, with rare exceptions, are incapable of political opinions, even when they decide the fate of nations. Soldiers desire only money and license, and officers are exclusively eager for promotion. The periodical decimation of serjeants and corporals is perhaps not unpopular in the ranks.

A part of the present political degradation of the country may perhaps be traced to the shameless intrigues of the virtuous Minister who governed France twenty years ago. M. GUIZOT had laid down a rule, which he now calls a principle, that the innocent child who then wore the crown of Spain should marry a Bourbon; and he had more seriously resolved that her sister, the Princess FERNANDA, should bestow her contingent right of succession on a son of King LOUIS PHILIPPE. The only candidates for the Queen's hand who satisfied the French definition were her uncle Count TRAPANI, and her cousins Prince FERDINAND and Prince HENRY. M. GUIZOT boasts that for some time he supported the Neapolitan uncle, but Count TRAPANI was backward in his suit; and for reasons of his own M. GUIZOT excluded Prince HENRY, on the pretext of political heterodoxy. The only respectable candidate, Prince LEOPOLD of Saxe Coburg, was denounced as a nominee of England, and M. GUIZOT and Count BRESSON forced the unfortunate young Queen into a marriage which left her the choice of licentiousness or ascetic isolation. The scandals which have followed have not produced the anticipated result of leaving the succession open to the Duchess of MONTPENSIER, but they have deprived the Queen of European sympathy, and perhaps they have shaken the loyalty of Spain. The military adventurers who hold, for a year or two at a time, the challenge cup of power won by mutiny, generally find it their interest to connive at the irregularity and bigotry of the Court. O'DONNELL alone had the merit of attempting a policy of his own, and consequently he soon made way for a still less scrupulous successor. The Spaniards of the present day have not the excuse of a former generation for political failure, as



they are no longer embarrassed by the assistance or intrigues of foreign Governments.

It is generally asserted that the next revolution will be directed against the dynasty, and not merely against the Minister of the day; but there is no apparent cause which should induce Spain to abandon the circle of military revolts. The proclamation of a Republic might perhaps excite revolutionary passions which would for a time disturb the predominance of the army; but a democratic revolution would be profoundly distasteful to the Governments of Europe, and especially to France. In the absence of foreign intervention, a Spanish Republic would, after an interval of excitement, become even more completely than the existing Monarchy a military despotism. The NARVAEZ or O'DONNELL of the time would be called President instead of Minister, but the kind of liberty which would be established may be appreciated by the example of the Spanish Republics in America. A Spanish patriot, if such a character is to be found, ought to sustain the Crown, even if it hung on a bush, for it is barely possible that at some future time an hereditary Sovereign may be allied with the people against the adventurers who manipulate the army. If the Monarchy is maintained, there is little to be gained by changing the dynasty, for the descendants of DON CARLOS are BOURBONS nursed in the least desirable traditions, and the King of PORTUGAL, though he would be personally preferable, and though he might reunite the whole Peninsula under a single sceptre, would be theoretically a usurper. The QUEEN, however, seems to be so far alarmed at his contingent pretensions as to have quarrelled publicly with Queen PIA, who was her guest. The daughter of VICTOR EMMANUEL would be almost equally distasteful to Queen ISABELLA as a possible rival and as an hereditary schismatic. The Duke of MONTPEISIER would no longer be liable to the objection which was formerly raised by the English Government to the establishment in Spain of the reigning dynasty of France; but the Spaniards appear to feel no enthusiasm for the House of ORLEANS, and a prince of that family would be exposed to the formidable hostility of the Emperor of the FRENCH. The effect of a dynastic revolution is almost always to weaken the Royal power, and the Queen of SPAIN, although she presides over a despotic Government, is already too weak. As far as foreigners can conjecture, no organic change is likely at present to change the character of Spanish politics.

#### THE RELIGIOUS SIDE OF THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

M. MAZZINI has contributed an article to the current number of the *Westminster Review* which is, from many points of view, very curious and instructive. His object is to explain to his English friends how it happens that, now the amnesty has made Italy open to him, he refuses to go there and take his place among the representatives of the people. His explanation is partly the personal one, that he should think it strange to accept a pardon for having loved Italy too well, and partly that he thinks the whole character and direction of Italian politics fundamentally wrong. It is the religious side of the Italian question that he considers to be neglected. The Court and the Cabinet, politicians and Ministers, are one and all too worldly. Italians trust too much in the arm of flesh, and Custozza and Lissa may teach them how weak this arm really is. What they ought to do is to declare deadly war against the Papacy—not against the temporal power, but against the whole theory of Catholicism. M. MAZZINI expressly admits, and his admission will probably be noted in some quarters with satisfaction, that if he believed in the religious creed of Catholicism he should defend the temporal power. But he thinks Catholicism is altogether worn out. It has ceased to have any vital power; that which it teaches is no longer credible. So far the generality of Italian politicians agree with him, but then they agree with him in the wrong way. He has a positive creed, while they have only a negative one. What he sets himself against is materialism and scepticism. There is a purer religion which is true, and which it is, or ought to be, the special mission of Italy to teach. It is on this special mission of Italy that M. MAZZINI will seem to most foreign critics to be going wild. He asserts that it is, and always has been, the peculiar glory and task of Italy to unite thought and action. "The ideal and the real, elsewhere divided, have always tended to be united in our land." This is proved by a comprehensive reference to the Sabines, the Etruscans, the Pythagoreans, Roman history generally, and an assertion that "our democratic Republics were always religious." This is the kind of thing which moves and delights all those Continental nations who are under the influence of French thought. The intervention of

these Sabines and Pythagoreans is quite in the style of MICHELET or VICTOR HUGO. It shows a total absence of even the rudiments of critical accuracy; but men who have no historical criticism may move, enlighten, and improve nations. The France of to-day would not be what it is without VICTOR HUGO; and the Italy of to-day would not be what it is without the inspiration of those thoughts which light up the pages of M. MAZZINI. It may be wise and necessary that the Government of Italy should be adroit, not very heroic, obedient to circumstances, anxious to accept aid from any quarter; but Italy gains life and dignity and power because there runs through its purposes and its notions something of that cleaving to the ideal, and that visionary and semi-religious fervour, which M. MAZZINI strives to animate and augment in the breasts of his countrymen.

If we omit a little purely theological language, and escape from that attitude of antagonism to Rome which an Italian who is not a Catholic naturally assumes, we may easily put this new religion which M. MAZZINI preaches into language very familiar to Englishmen and Protestants. He only puts into exaggerated and formal language what most educated Englishmen think in a hesitating and vague manner. A great part of his argument is directed against those who think that, not only in the present but in the past, the Church of Rome has always been an unmixed evil. It may be necessary to explain to Italians that Catholicism was at one time the chief of blessings to Europe; but this is not because Italians have any particular mission, and are more or less Sabine and Pythagorean, but simply because they are ignorant of history. It is now the tamest of commonplaces to say that in what are popularly called the dark ages the Church was the sanctuary of learning, the nurse of civilization, the parent of a thousand virtues. M. MAZZINI wishes the youth of Italy to understand this, but also to understand that the Church is no longer useful because the purpose which she served has been fulfilled, and mankind now know more of the ways of God than she could teach them. The modern world no longer believes that the Church of Rome has the final truth of truths revealed to it. That which seems to be true is not that man has got truth, but that he is attaining it. The human race is always moving on, and in this movement it is the race, or large sections of the race, like Europe or Italy, that appear to be of importance, and the individual sinks into insignificance. The Church aimed at the welfare of each separate human being. The modern world does not so much aim at as notes, and longs to further, the increasing happiness of the race. But M. MAZZINI speaks with the utmost scorn and the keenest derision of those who do not see in this progress of mankind the purpose of God. This, according to M. MAZZINI, is the sum of the new religion. Under the providence of God the human race advances, and happiness and excellence consist in the endeavour to aid and promote this advance. This delight in taking part in the work of God, in making others happy, and in appreciating the tie which links together the present and the past, is the keystone of the new religion, and it is one on which M. MAZZINI thinks the fabric of purity, greatness, and self-sacrifice may be raised. We cannot see that there is anything new in it, except the earnestness with which it is preached. It really represents that mixture of positivism and piety which so largely prevails in Protestant countries, and which especially characterizes so large a portion of English literature. Yet it may be very useful that Italians should have their attention drawn to it with a vigour and an absence of all qualification which M. MAZZINI easily attains, but which Englishmen are prevented from rivalling by the extent to which the critical faculty has been developed among them.

If M. MAZZINI is saved, by his strong sense of religion and his longing for what is practically possible, from some of the eccentricities of the school of COMTE, yet he has learnt to write and think very much in the manner which that school has made famous. What is this special mission of Italy but a crude fancy, like the primacy of France among nations which COMTE, as a true Frenchman, boldly announced? Facts vanish like the dew before patriotism and the philosophy of history. Outsiders cannot find even an approach to a reason for thinking that what M. MAZZINI proclaims as a new religion belongs specially to Italy. As the Italians are beginning to emerge out of the apathy of political prostration, of a puerile fanaticism, and of an almost absolute separation from the world of modern thought, they are beginning to adopt ideas which have long been floating in the intellectual atmosphere of France, Germany, and England. The whole theory of national missions is virtually putting the cart before the horse. That which a nation does is its mission, not that which some one thinks it should do. If Italians can combine strong personal

piety with an ardent belief in the gradual progress of mankind, then our posterity may some day, without danger of error, pronounce that it was the mission of Italy to do that which she will then have done. But missions by anticipation are mere sketches of national duty; sermons and discourses as to what ought to be, not descriptions of actual facts. Unless Italians practically show that they have a special aptitude for teaching it, it is no more the mission of Italy than of Wallachia to teach a religion which, if it is true at all, must be as true for one as the other. But then it may be said that there is no nation which so much stands in need of a new religion as Italy, for it is in a very critical position in which the spirit of self-sacrifice and the love of truth must shine forth to save the nation, if in its distress and danger it is to be saved at all. In this sense what M. MAZZINI says to the Italians may be quite true; but then it is a misuse of language to call this a mission. It is no more accurate than to say of a hungry man that his mission is to have his dinner, if he can get one. And this misuse of language leads into derivative errors, as it always does. The grandeur of the notion that Italy has a special mission conceals from M. MAZZINI to some degree the limitations with which the combination of positivism and piety can be called a religion. It is, we may admit, a religion in the sense that it can guide the consciences and satisfy the wants of some educated men. But a religion means much more than this. It means something that can be put in a public form, that can be made a part of family life, that can adapt itself to the varying wants of age and sex. Evidently the new religion has not got so far as this, and Italians cannot fail to feel that it has not. M. MAZZINI must be content that the thoughts of men shall grow slowly, and meantime Italy has to exist, and she must exist as well as she can with Catholicism staring her in the face as an enemy, and yet at the same time permeating her daily life. An honest Italian may believe in God and in progress, and yet not see his way out of the many difficulties that surround him and his country on every side.

#### THE TAILORS AND THEIR STRIKE.

THE result of the trial of the tailors' pickets was one which had been expected by every sensible man in the country. The question was a simple one, despite the efforts made to mystify and complicate it. There has been much wild talk and wild writing about the tyranny of capital over labour, and the right of the employed to defend themselves against the despotism of the employer. All this, as Mr. Baron BRAMWELL laid down, was wholly beside the question, which was whether any number of men should be allowed to disturb, annoy, and frighten other men in pursuing their own peaceful calling, and selling their own labour to those whom they chose, and for the price they chose? This was the simple question; and to it the English law, as delivered by an English Judge, could give but one reply. That the answer has not satisfied the prisoners charged with a violation of the law, is tolerably clear. Their organs profess a vast amount of indignation at the unjust verdict of a middle-class jury, and threaten we know not what changes in the law when the working-men shall have their own Parliament. But the common sense of the country accepts and ratifies both the law and the verdict. It regards the offence of the pickets as an offence equally against the interests of trade and the liberty of the subject. Nor is it easy to reconcile the maintenance of a contrary opinion with the intelligence which is so loudly claimed for the British operative. How any body of Englishmen—especially a body more than usually clamorous for its own rights—can look upon the acts of the Unions and their pickets as aught but meddlesome, dictatorial, and oppressive, it is beyond ordinary comprehension to conceive. We are not speaking of the strike, but of the action which accompanied and followed the strike. It is perfectly legal and just for men to refuse to sell their labour to any employer; it is equally legal and just for them to cease selling it when they choose. But it is neither just nor legal for them to compel others, by taunts, threats, and coercion, to abstain or cease from selling their labour to whomsoever they will. Now this is precisely what the pickets did, and what the Committee of the Tailors' Association encouraged and organized them to do. They paraded the streets in masses; they interrupted traffic; they blockaded the shops of obnoxious master-tailors; they dodged men who were going out and coming in; they followed them, questioned them, searched the parcels they were carrying, upbraided them for taking work, threatened them with violence, called them by

opprobrious names, and caused them to be mobbed, and in some cases even proceeded to assault them; in a word, they terrified them into abandoning the right of using their hands and their industry as they pleased. Now there is not a man in the kingdom who, in his cooler moments, will not acknowledge that proceedings of this kind are diametrically opposed to the very principle of liberty. Liberty means freedom, not only from a crowned despot or a powerful oligarchy, but from any man or any organized body of men. It matters little to any one whether his action is restrained by a man wearing a crown, or by a man wearing a fustian jacket and a paper cap. If he cannot do such blameless acts as he likes; if he cannot use the strength or the talent which God has given him for his own benefit and the maintenance of his family; if he cannot move freely about the streets in the prosecution of an honest industry; if, in making his contract with his employers, he is obliged to resort to disguise and every ignominious dodge—then he is not a free man. To call him a free man is mockery. He is a slave, not to one master, but to many, equally imperious, dictatorial, and oppressive. Such was the condition, till last week, of every non-Union operative tailor who ventured to work for hire in spite of the Tailors' Association. And such it would be now if the intervention of the law had not been invoked to vindicate the individual free action, not only of every operative tailor, but of every operative in every other trade.

The Trades' Unions, or rather their managers, are very angry, and talk big swelling words. And no wonder. They and their colleagues are suddenly forced to abdicate a sovereignty which it was doubtless a very pleasant thing to enjoy, so long as it lasted. By dint of very considerable energy and a persistent repetition of plausible phrases, some hundreds of thousands of English workmen had been imbued with the notion that Trades' Unions had a natural right to their obedience. It became as much an article of faith with multitudes of uneducated and impulsive men to believe in the authority of Unions as with a Methodist to believe in the mission of JOHN WESLEY, or with a Jesuit to believe in the supreme powers of the Holy See. Nothing ever so clearly demonstrated the combined powers of numbers and of words. Not one of these men but would have resented any attempt on the part of his fellows to thwart or impede him in any amusement or ordinary pursuit. But when it came to the yoke of the Union, not only was he willing to bear it himself, but anxious to thrust it upon others. No proselytizing was ever more eager and zealous than the proselytizing of a Committee of Trades' Unions. Neither was there ever any more successful. A feeling of class combined with a feeling of aggrandizement to support regulations which had certainly contributed towards raising the rate of wages. As the men knew that striking was not illegal, and higher wages not undesirable, they could not imagine that there was anything wrong or improper in any of the accompaniments of strikes. They were dazzled partly by the brilliance of the object in view, partly by the splendour of their past success. Whatever a few of the better educated among them may have suspected, it is quite possible that the majority of them thought there was no harm in compelling non-Union men to come in, and mobbing and denouncing them when they refused to come in, to the Union. Now this superstitious reverence for the Union is shaken. It is not entirely upset. But it is rudely shaken, and the men—not only the members of the Tailors', but those of every other Trades' Association in the kingdom—have time and opportunity to reflect on the points on which their laws and the laws of the land are at variance.

Their advocates on the platform and in the press say that the defeat which they have sustained must be avenged and retrieved by legislation. A Parliament chosen in great part by working-men is to enact laws making the interference of the Unions between masters and men lawful. For this purpose local Committees are to be organized, candidates to be selected, and pledges in favour of the proposed change prescribed. It is quite likely that at this moment the Unions see nothing unreasonable or difficult in carrying out this purpose, especially as their theories receive encouragement from men of intellectual eminence and academical position. But it is also quite possible that some of them are fair-minded and cool-headed enough to weigh the question carefully, and consider its different bearings.

In the first place, if they think at all, they will not fail to see that, if any law is to be enacted legalizing the application of force or constraint in any way, that law must apply equally to all parties interested in a contest. It would be intolerably unfair that, where there are two contending parties, one of them should be empowered by



law to use means which are interdicted to the other. If, then, Union men are to be specially authorized to dog and hunt down and persecute non-Union men who are trying to earn their bread honestly, the masters must also be allowed to employ other men for the purpose of dogging, hunting, and persecuting these agents of the Union. There will always be abundance of idle men on the look-out for such employment. The masters would have no difficulty in getting them; and, morally, they would be justified in using such instruments of defence. To the reply that such a practice must involve conflict and turbulence, it may be rejoined that this shows the absurdity of the whole scheme. If one-sided, it is eminently unfair. If carried out fully and equally, it is fraught with turbulence and confusion.

There is a second consideration which Mr. Baron BRAMWELL endeavoured to impress on the minds of the prisoners, and on which they may well ponder. What they have been seeking by force, and what they propose to seek by a legislative sanction of force, is neither more nor less than the old scouted and denounced Protection. They wish to have a monopoly of work and an artificial elevation of wages. It is this, or it is nothing. But if Protection is to be re-enacted in their favour, it must be re-enacted in favour of others also. Not only must the operative tailors be protected, but operative shoemakers, bricklayers, carpenters, painters, must be protected also. Nor will this be sufficient. If we protect the men, we must protect the masters. If we sanction monopoly wages to the men, we must sanction also monopoly prices to the masters. But if we do this in favour of the masters, we must do the same thing in favour of those for whom the masters work, and with whom they contract. We cannot allow the Trades' Guilds to eat their cake and have it—to earn all the profits of Protection, and pay only the prices of Free-trade. The circle of Protection must be widened. The British farmer and the Colonial planter must be protected as of yore. This can only be done by reimposing heavy duties on articles of consumption which of late years have been cheap. Duties must be imposed on foreign wines, sugars, silks, woollens, and even on corn. The landowner must no longer be Anathema to the intelligent operative. He has just as much a right to be protected as the "sons of toil". It is more unfair to tax the unprotected landowner in favour of the protected builder and his protected workmen, than it is to tax protected builders and workmen in favour of protected landlords. Perhaps the leaders and advisers of the Trades' Unions will condescend to ponder on these things, and to inform us whether it is their pleasure that we shall all revert to the system of Protection pure and simple?

Meanwhile the operative tailors continue on strike. They are quite right; they are wise in their generation. To acknowledge their defeat, and tender their submission in the dead season of the year, would be a weakness unworthy of tailors. By holding out, and talking big, they can during the stagnant months secure an average payment of 10s. a week from the Trades' Unions of the country, whereas by concession they could not get so much from the masters for a couple of months to come. They are not wanted just now. The masters have turned new hands and machinery to very good account, and can dispense with their services. Moreover, many customers have brought back a six months' supply of clothes from Paris and Brussels; others have rejoiced in an opportunity to do without new clothes at all. Altogether, the men are not wanted at present. Their strike occasions no inconvenience to their masters; for their own sakes it is to be hoped that it may not last long enough to be seriously inconvenient to themselves. As to the inconvenience which it may cause to the body of Trades' Unions throughout the country, that is a different question, and does not concern us.

#### TURKEY.

THE Turks, like the Russians of a former generation, are borrowing the external fashions of civilized Europe, and, though their civilization may be laid on in as thin a veneer as the Christianity of the Jesuit converts in India and China, practice has sometimes a wholesome tendency to follow profession. The SULTAN has returned from the West in an amiable mood, and he is laudably inclined to give his subjects the benefit of the lessons which he may be supposed to have learned. Whether any knowledge whatever can be acquired in the midst of crowds and pageants is a doubtful question; but the SULTAN must have felt a certain amount of interest and excitement, and he had an intelligent Minister by his side, who may perhaps have found occasion to arouse and gratify

a rational curiosity. FUAD PASHA exhibited both his own ability and his adroitness as a courtier by attributing to his Sovereign sententious and epigrammatic sayings which did credit to his own acuteness. The SULTAN, as reported by his Minister, observed that he had seen in France the results of civilization, and in England its causes. The remark is somewhat enigmatic, but it indicates familiarity with French literature, as well as a laudable desire to repay English hospitality by insinuating compliments. No philosophical politician in France would think it worth while to construct an aphorism which could be definitely understood. The address to the subjects of the Porte which has been published on the SULTAN's return to his capital probably proceeds from the same author. There is no reason why the Greeks should have a monopoly in the East of plausible rhetoric and philanthropic commonplace. It is absurd to impute barbarism to a ruler who, after the newest fashion, propounds the admirable sentiment that "there is no sweeter recompense for a Sovereign than to see his subjects respond by affection and devotion to his efforts for the tranquillity and prosperity of his country." It is still more gratifying to know that the solicitude of the SULTAN embraces all classes of his subjects, including the Christian population as fully as the most orthodox Mahometans. A Russian Minister could not have composed a more benevolent manifesto, and the Turkish document is probably comparatively honest and sincere. Fair words fall far short of sound legislation, and they are still more remote from administrative vigour, but the intercourse of nations is facilitated by the professed adoption of the same principles of action. English dignitaries have been too hasty in fancying that the hereditary chief of ISLAM was almost disposed to become a Christian proselyte; but diplomacy takes no notice of creeds unless they affect the foundations of policy and public law. When the Great Turk was accustomed, on the outbreak of a war with a foreign Government, to send the enemy's Ambassador to the Seven Towers, the Porte evidently remained outside the sphere of European politics. A Sultan who goes to the Italian Opera at Covent Garden, wearing the ribbon of the Garter, has wandered far from the Oriental habits of the AMURATHS and SOLYMANNS, and he is only consistent in expressing philanthropic sentiments in rhetorical phrases.

The letter addressed by the SULTAN to the GRAND VIZIER commands all functionaries to exert themselves in the extension of schools and roads, in the improvement of the army and navy, and in the development of public credit. In most branches of public administration official reformers in Turkey will have to begin at the beginning. There are few schools, and fewer practicable roads; but the army and navy, and the Exchequer, have long been the objects of active care. The construction of roads would probably be a profitable investment, as it would increase the returns of the taxes; and, more remotely, the diffusion of the rudiments of education might possibly enrich the population by stimulating intelligence and industry. The GRAND VIZIER has witnessed in Europe the advantageous consequences of free communication by road and railway, and it is not impossible that he may have justly attributed the progress of Western nations to the general spread of education. A nearer example might have been found among the Greeks of the Kingdom, who have promoted education with a success which attends no other part of their administration. The ordinary Turk is naturally honest, sober, and industrious, but he has seldom received intellectual training. As no practical measure of education has yet been announced, it is not necessary to consider the difficulties which are likely to baffle the professed intentions of the Government. Questions of mixed schools and of conscience-clauses will be likely to embarrass Turkish legislators whenever they attempt to redeem the SULTAN's pledges. The construction of roads is a simpler business, requiring only official goodwill and money. It appears that the Government at last admits the necessity of such undertakings, but at present there is no surplus revenue available for public works. New roads would imply fresh loans; and within ten or twelve years the high character of Turkey for financial soundness has rapidly declined. The population is, however, lightly taxed in proportion to the resources of the country, and Turkish commerce is capable of vast development.

It was perhaps judicious to say nothing, in a cheerful and sanguine proclamation, of topics which might have suggested unredressed grievances and abortive legislation. The repeated promises that Christians should be relieved from political inequality have been partially performed, as far as decrees and enactments could prevail; but the social inferiority of the subject race survives in customs, if not

in institutions, and the Mahometan tribunals still refuse in many provinces to admit Christian testimony in suits against orthodox believers. It is said, indeed, that the greater aptitude of the Christians in the arts of corruption redresses in some degree the original injustice; but society must be thoroughly unsound when so invidious a stigma is placed on a large section of the population. The SULTAN was, at his accession, supposed to be a rigid Mussulman, and he has been educated in all the prejudices of his race; but, if his recent journey has taught him nothing else, he can scarcely have returned to Constantinople in the belief that infidels, as such, are intellectually and morally inferior to his own co-religionists. It is true that the Greek and Slavonic inhabitants of Turkey are far from having attained the level of Frenchmen or of Englishmen, but the great superiority of the principal Christian communities must have proved that Mahometans are not a privileged aristocracy among the nations of the world. The imminent danger of foreign intrigue and violence ought to accelerate the conviction that it is necessary to admit the Christian subjects of the Porte to perfect equality with their former masters. If, indeed, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY is not mistaken, the SULTAN has become friendly to Christianity, as well as to his own Christian subjects; but a complimentary speech to a great ecclesiastical dignitary must not be too literally interpreted.

The SULTAN and his advisers, if they were in the habit of appealing to public opinion, might defend themselves against harsh accusations by alleging the difficulty and novelty of their task. Only half a century has elapsed since a reforming Sovereign of Turkey commenced his career of improvement, like PETER the GREAT, by a massacre and dispersion of his standing army. An accurate comparison of the present condition of affairs with the state of the Empire under the Janissaries would probably display a remarkable progress towards the principles, and even the practice, of civilized government; but the SULTAN's father failed in securing for himself or his successors his original object of becoming master in his own dominions. The Janissaries were gone; but the Russians always maintained their menacing attitude, and it was consequently necessary to submit to the advice and dictation of more or less friendly Ambassadors. European influence has, on the whole, been exerted for good purposes; but it has necessarily weakened the Turkish Government at a time when firm and effective administration was especially required. The Empire is more tranquil and less distracted by subordinate ambition than in the days of ALI PASHA and MEHEMET ALI; but the former predominance of the ruling race has been rudely shaken. The experiment of detaching outlying provinces from the Turkish Empire has not yet been rewarded with a success which would recommend a further application of the process. Servia is turbulent, and subject to Russian influence; and Greece has thus far disappointed many of the hopes which were cherished during and after the War of Liberation. The Danubian Principalities, equally dissatisfied with separate existence and with union, illustrate under successive nominal rulers the impossibility of maintaining order in half-barbarous communities, except by the agency of a strong and firmly-seated government. The late persecution of the Jews would, if it had occurred in Turkey, have been quoted as an argument for the expulsion from Europe of Mahometan fanaticism. In Moldavia it serves the same purpose by preparing the way for Russian intervention. It is well that the SULTAN should take pleasure in the memory of his travels, for at present he has few other causes for satisfaction.

#### PARLIAMENT AND THE GAS COMPANIES.

AT the beginning of the last Session a Metropolitan Gas Bill promoted by the Board of Trade excited general astonishment and indignation. In public and semi-public matters—in the Reform Bill, in the matter of the Indian postal contracts, and in dealing with the London Gas Companies—the present Government has consistently followed the example of the unjust steward in the parable. To buy continuance in place for themselves at the expense of others has been the simple policy of Ministers who appear to consider that Conservatism is equivalent to the conservation of office. In the hope of purchasing the support of the Metropolitan constituencies, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, then President of the Board of Trade, allowed himself, at the instance of the Board of Works and the Corporation of London, to propose a Bill for the confiscation of the whole or the greater part of the property which has been invested, on the faith of Acts of Parlia-

ment, in supplying gas to London. A large part of this capital belongs to shareholders who purchased on the faith of the Act of 1860, which allowed the Companies to divide the moderate amount of ten per cent. on the original shares. According to the Government Bill, the maximum was to be fixed at seven per cent., except in certain impossible contingencies, and conditions of price and illuminating power were added which would have compelled the Companies to abandon their undertaking unless they were prepared to work at a loss. To the surprise and disappointment of Government, the project of wholesale confiscation proved to be as unpopular as it was unjust, and it soon became evident that a measure adopted for the sole purpose of pleasing the popular party in the House of Commons was likely to be defeated on the second reading. The representatives of the Gas Companies may, perhaps, in their own department, be useful men of business, but in the protection of the interests of their constituents they showed themselves the most imbecile of diplomatists. When they might both have got rid of the Bill and imposed a stigma on all similar attempts at plunder, they weakly entered into negotiations with the Board of Trade, with the result of leaving the entire subject open to legislation. The Board of Trade, alarmed by the consequences of an iniquitous experiment, willingly consented to restore the nominal maximum, and the Gas Companies on their part agreed that blanks should be left in the Bill for the price and the definition of illuminating power. More judicious negotiators would have seen that a permission to earn ten per cent. by supplying gas on terms which might be ruinous was as valuable as a license to deal in any other commodity at less than the cost price.

The amended Bill was submitted to a Select Committee, of which Mr. CARDWELL was Chairman, and a minute inquiry into almost all the circumstances of the case occupied several weeks of the Session. The Committee, however, declined to investigate some questions of the price of materials, and more especially to hear evidence as to the supply and cost of cannel coal, which nevertheless forms the principal item in the expense of a high illuminating power. The Board of Trade, while it nominally promoted the Bill, allowed the Corporation and the Board of Works to conduct the assault on the Companies, reserving to itself the power of proceeding with the measure, or of abandoning it, according to the decision of the Committee. At the close of the inquiry, the Committee intimidated by a series of Resolutions their disposition to legislate hostilely to the Companies, and they announced their intention of rejecting two Bills for additional works promoted respectively by the Imperial Company and the Chartered Company, unless the Companies would consent to place the system of supply on an altered basis. The Companies, in answer, proposed to submit to a maximum of four shillings for a thousand cubic feet, and to an illuminating power of fourteen candles. Their experience had shown them that a lower price or a higher power would not enable them to maintain the ten per cent. dividend until the progress of consumption should diminish the proportionate cost of working. The Committee, in reply, offered terms of arbitration, which "should be calculated to yield with due care and management a dividend attaining, or at least approaching, the maximum dividend of the Act of 1847 on the amount of share capital already expended under the authority of Parliament." The Committee added that, if the offer were refused, they would recommend that powers for the supply of gas should be conceded to the local authorities of the metropolis. On the representation of the Companies, the words "at least approaching" were altered into "as near as may be," but the Companies on deliberation rejected the proposal, and the Committee has consequently presented to the House of Commons a bitterly hostile Report.

Once more the representatives of the Companies committed a grave error, though of an opposite character to their blunder at the beginning of the Session. Having been too conciliatory when the game was in their hands, they displayed an unseasonable obstinacy when their interests were at the mercy of an unfriendly tribunal. The arguments which had influenced the Committee admitted of forcible answers, but the threat which clenched the proposal ought to have been regarded as conclusive. The Companies were aware that they might fairly be exposed to equal competition, but permission to the local government to levy taxes to compete with private enterprise involved absolute ruin. The invitation issued by the Government to a subsidized French Company to underbid the Peninsular and Oriental Company for an ocean mail contract was not so absolutely destructive of the property concerned as the alternative imposed by the Committee. It was better, in the prevailing disregard of the rights of joint-stock pro-



prietors, to save something out of the wreck than to allow a Report to be presented to Parliament which far outruns the wildest demands of the Metropolitan Board of Works. No similar document has borne so undisguised a character of irritation and resentment, and if its recommendations are hereafter adopted by Parliament, the property of the Companies will be absolutely annihilated. There is little satisfaction in proving that the Sibyl is oppressive or tyrannical, when she is absolutely mistress of the terms of the bargain. If the offer of the Committee had been accepted, the tax on the revenue of the Companies could scarcely have exceeded one per cent.; but now the remaining nine-tenths are in considerable jeopardy. The bitter feeling which superseded for the time the judicial calmness of the Select Committee is most strongly illustrated by the language in which the rejection of the Bill of the Imperial Gas Company is announced and explained. The Bill provided for the purchase of land at West Ham, Hammersmith, and Acton, and for raising a new capital of 1,218,750*l.* The Imperial Company represented that without the additional works they would be unable, in the winter after next, to supply their district, and that the consumer, as well as the Company, would consequently be exposed to inconvenience. The Committee were prepared to entertain the Bill, or, in other words, they thought it just and expedient; but they refused to grant any new powers unless the Company were willing to submit to the terms which had already been announced. The loss of the Bill is perhaps less important, as the works could not have been constructed without the proposed capital, and it is difficult to suppose that any sane person will hereafter invest his money in a kind of property which is evidently destined to spoliation. The Companies have, by their singular tactics, prevented legislation for a single year at the cost of a Report which will probably be used for the purpose of confiscating the whole or the greater part of their property. They yielded at the wrong time; they resisted at the wrong time; and there would be a kind of justice in the retribution which awaits them if ruin were a just punishment for a mistake, and more especially if the small annuitants, the widows, and the retired tradesmen who live on their gas dividends had been the unskilful conductors of the negotiation, as they are certain to be the sufferers. The advisers of the Companies relied on the breaking reed of their vested rights; and they probably thought that the House of Commons, which, but for their own weakness, would have protected them in the present year, would guard their rights in future. They forgot that the Report of the Committee will alter the conditions of the question, and they committed the still more fatal error of forgetting the Reform Bill. The future House of Commons will, according to the anticipations of enthusiastic democrats, be vigorous in legislation, and it will relieve the country from the supposed stagnation which has resulted from the preponderance of the upper and middle classes. If any zealot supposes that the new Parliament will exhibit increased solicitude for the sanctity of property, his hopes conflict strangely with the aspirations of the party which has most anxiously advocated extension of the suffrage.

#### CONSTITUTIONALISM AT BIRMINGHAM.

LORD RUSSELL may claim the credit of having invented a function for minorities. Until his speech of the other day they seemed to be nothing but an embodied grievance. They were dumb sufferers whose woes could only be alleviated by helping them to find a tongue. But LORD RUSSELL discerned nobler faculties in those silent masses. He dreamed that they might fill the place of rotten boroughs. In them intellect would find a haven, and budding statesmen a kindly nurse. They were to be the political youngest brother; and, like their prototype in the fairy tale, they were to possess a double portion of their elder brothers' wits. LORD RUSSELL has been blessed with an earlier realization of his vision than he could possibly have hoped for. The new Parliament cannot come into existence for another eighteen months, but at Birmingham the minority has been considerate enough to give him a foretaste of what manner of man its member is likely to be. A meeting has been held in that town for the purpose of organizing an association which, with a tender memory perhaps of Lord GROSVEHOR and the *Day*, is to be called "The Constitutional Association." Sundry speeches have been made by local politicians, including one by Mr. SAMUEL LLOYD, the late Conservative candidate, and the occasion has been further honoured by a formal Declaration of Principles. We know pretty accurately, therefore, what will be the result of the minority vote in Birmingham. The new Parliament

will contain at least one constitutional statesman. We can even divine, from the principles declared on Monday, by whom the new member will be introduced. He will enter the House between Mr. NEWDEGATE and Mr. WHALLEY—supposing, that is to say, that these two champions can make up their differences for the nonce. There is no doubt as to what Constitutionalism means at Birmingham. It has the true Protestant ring about it. The opening sentence of the Declaration, perhaps, is a shade commonplace. That Governments exist for the sake of the governed, and ought to secure the "greatest practical welfare of the greatest possible number," is hardly original enough for a minority. The Reform League would scarcely care to contradict such a truism. But a little further on we get to the root of the matter. The Constitution is defined as consisting of "an hereditary Protestant Sovereign ruling with the advice and consent of a Parliament, and recognising a Christian State religion which protests against any earthly authority superior to that of the State." How the Association proposes to make the Protestantism of the existing Sovereign more secure than it is does not appear; but, from a speech which Mr. LLOYD delivered by way of explanation, we learn that it is the maintenance of the Protestant succession that constitutes the common centre round which the members of the Association are to rally. This seems to imply a fear of the Prince of WALES's theological soundness. Of course, in the event of HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS declaring himself a Papist, it would be an immense advantage to have a nucleus of resistance already established at Birmingham. Still the danger does not seem imminent enough to demand immediate action. Considering the warm interest which every retailer of gossip feels in the proceedings of the Royal Family, we cannot believe but that any suspicious tendencies on the part of the PRINCE would long ago have been discovered, supposing that they had been there to discover. "Popish Practices at Marlborough House," or "Ritualistic Leanings of the HEIR APPARENT," are far too sensational headings to lie unused, if it were possible to construct a paragraph to be fitted on to them. So far as we know, this same immunity from dangerous theological proclivities is enjoyed by the Duke of EDINBURGH, and indeed by all HER MAJESTY's children. The Protestant succession, therefore, seems to run no present risk of being set aside, even without the additional security which it derives from the movement at Birmingham.

But even the Protestant succession exists for a purpose. The Sovereign's first duty is to maintain the Constitution; and one principal element of the Constitution is "the recognition of the Protestant religion by the State." After this statement it is a little odd to read in the next line, "As a political association we have nothing to do with religious differences." Here, again, the framers of the Declaration seem to have borrowed the commonplaces of the majority. As it stands, this is the sort of phrase that Mr. BRIGHT might applaud; and there is obviously no use in organizing the minority at Birmingham if it is only to say ditto to Mr. BRIGHT. As it goes on, however, the Declaration improves again. "The Protestantism we uphold," it says, "is a political Protestantism." Well, that is something. We are to have our Protestantism all the same, only it is not any longer to be called religious. And this political Protestantism is to be "based on a fundamental principle of the Constitution." From this point the Declaration jumps at once to a definition of "the Protestant character of the National Church," leaving us uncertain whether the relation of political Protestantism to the Constitution is that of foundation or superstructure, or something between the two. The explanation of the "Protestant character of the National Church" is fortunately clearer. It consists in "its protest against the assumption by any priesthood of any earthly power within the realm over which the State has no control." To this definition there is only one objection, but that is one which the Constitutionalists of Birmingham ought to consider fatal. It does not exclude Popery. The "earthly power" possessed at various times by the Roman Church has never been independent of the State. On the contrary, the Church has always claimed, not to supersede the power of the State, but to employ it. There is no such thing in modern society as an "earthly power over which the State has no control." The nearest approach to it is a spiritual power upon which the State confers a portion of its own earthly power. But this is not in the least affected by anything in the Declaration. These political Protestants have actually framed a definition of Protestantism which would embrace Archbishop MANNING. Nor do they learn by practice to

express themselves more to the purpose. The next sentence is the hardest nut to crack of all. "As it is obvious that no constitutional Sovereign can possess or obey any such power, it is also clear that the Sovereign, in the same sense, must be a Protestant." "Such power" must stand grammatically for "any earthly power within the realm over which the State has no control." With the statement that if a King possesses such power, he is no longer a constitutional Sovereign, we do not quarrel. But how a Sovereign—whether constitutional or not—can obey an earthly power over which the State, which here must include himself, has no control, is beyond our comprehension. The only English King who at all answers to the description is CHARLES I., who during the last few months of his reign might perhaps be said, so far as he obeyed OLIVER CROMWELL, to obey an earthly power over which the State—meaning the Parliament—had no control. We question, however, whether in founding a political organization it is worth while to exclude the possibility of any direct imitation of CHARLES's conduct during his imprisonment. We expect an unusual infusion of culture in the politics of a minority, but, even with this allowance, such minute historical criticism seems out of place. And even supposing that "no constitutional Sovereign can possess or obey any such power," why is it "also clear that the Sovereign, in the same sense, must be a Protestant"? The King of PRUSSIA possesses this kind of power, but there is no reason to doubt his Protestantism. And even CHARLES I. was fairly blameless in this respect, except so far as he endangered the Protestant succession by becoming the father of JAMES II. Before we are asked to admit that the Sovereign must be a Protestant "in the same sense," common charity would dictate that we should be told what the sense is.

When the Declaration has once left these heights of political philosophy it assumes a tone which, though common enough before the first Reform Bill, has been rather out of fashion since. "Reform, not revolution," is the key-note of this part of the manifesto. The Association desires national progress, but is opposed to "fundamental changes." It might be a curious inquiry under which head the Birmingham Conservatives would last year have classed household suffrage. And, further, this progress must not be "towards new systems of government and untried institutions." It is a little ungrateful in men who are combining to return a minority member to deprecate untried institutions; and the best advice that can be given to the Constitutional Association is to break with the Conservative party as soon as possible. Such false timidity eminently unfits its victims for benefiting by Mr. DISRAELI's guidance. There has been so much to puzzle us in this Declaration of Principles that it is pleasing to come upon one statement at the end which we can both understand and agree with. "On great political questions the views of those whose doctrines tend ultimately to subvert the Constitution, and the views of those determined to maintain it, must inevitably clash." No doubt of it. Contradictions usually do clash some time or other. It is a way they have. The first idea that suggests itself, after reading this singular composition, is, how thankful LORD CAIRNS must be that its publication did not precede the discussion of his amendment. It would have been extremely difficult to argue in favour of enfranchising the educated minority in Birmingham if it had been known what would be the first use to which it would put its enfranchisement. And yet perhaps a subtle logician might find in this very Declaration a reason for giving its framers a member. Men's muscles, he might say, become flabby for want of exercise; and the brain of the Birmingham minority has softened from the same cause. The only way of strengthening the organ is to afford them an opportunity of using it. There may be something in this argument, but it must be owned that the Birmingham Declaration suggests the apprehension that, in one constituency at least, several generations of political gorillas may have to be endured before the reappearance of the average political man.

#### THE ART OF FORGETTING.

WHATEVER is worth doing at all, we were all taught in our childhood, is worth doing well. Now there are few things which we have more frequent occasion to do than to forget, and few things on the skilful doing of which less attention has been bestowed. Yet between the extremes of good and bad forgetfulness there is as great a difference as between sound sleep and feverish lethargy. What can be more delightful than the sense of lightness and freedom of mind which one enjoys when a mass of troublesome details have been fairly thrown to the winds? "Making a clean breast of it" is an expression which might with

much greater force be applied to a good invigorating plunge into Lethe than to any pouring out of one's troubles to somebody else. It is true that the latter is often a necessary preliminary to the former process, and in that case the sooner it is performed the better. On the other hand, badly executed forgetfulness is the plague of one's life. A clumsy letting slip of the very thing one wanted to retain is, as Solomon says of confidence in an unfaithful man, like a broken tooth and a foot out of joint. But this is a case of abuse which proves nothing against the use of that power of summary dismissal which is one of the most precious prerogatives of our dominion over our own thoughts. Indeed, we are inclined to believe that a judicious and liberal use of that prerogative would tend to lessen the danger of involuntary and awkward forgetfulness. If you try to carry twenty things at once, of course you will let some of them fall; and surely it is well to take the matter into one's own hands, and deliberately lay down the most worthless of one's mental possessions, if by that means one can make sure of retaining those which may turn to profit. It is true that the nature of memory is so far from being yet fully understood that there is room for wide differences of opinion as to the best manner of dealing with that capricious and troublesome faculty. Some people consider it as an edifice in which everything added is so much clear gain, and every stone taken away is a dead loss. Others think of it as a receptacle into which whatever is thrown occupies a certain amount of space, which in nine cases out of ten might be turned to better account. Perhaps the best comparison for it may be found in the various processes of nutrition which we see going on in living beings, in which too large or too small a supply is alike, if not equally, injurious. But everybody must agree that memory, like all our other faculties, has its limits, and that, whether we will or not, we must forget somehow; and it is therefore important to do it as well as possible. A bad forgetter may forget too often, or too irrevocably, or indiscriminately, inopportunately, or partially; or he may forget what is important, and remember what is trivial; there is no end to the various blunders which may be committed in uncultivated forgetting. It is hard to say whether it would be the greater calamity to lose the power of forgetting or that of remembering. Everybody is ready to commiserate the loss of memory, but to lose the power of getting rid of unpleasant recollections would be a yet more grievous misfortune to many people. It is a faculty of which we are constantly availing ourselves, and to which we owe a great deal more than is commonly recognised. How much of the enjoyment of a summer holiday arises from the gradual washing off from the mind of all the dusty details of the months spent in London? Country pursuits and the beauties of nature no doubt have their charms, but we are much mistaken if oblivion has not a yet larger share in the renovating effect of the vacation. Indeed, one of the most trying results of over-fatigue and nervous exhaustion is to impair that beautiful slipperiness of surface which a healthy mind possesses in common with the plumage of waterfowl. Nobody ought to return to work till it is restored, partly by rest, and partly by disuse of that pernicious habit of remembering engagements which has too often been contracted during the season.

There are various trite and wise sayings about the importance of letting no day pass without a line—without something done or acquired. To these we would add that no day should pass without something being dismissed; it is as much a necessary for the mind as for the body that the dust of each day should be washed away. And since something will surely slip away each day, would it not be well to take advantage of the necessity as affording the means of practice in the art of forgetting? It would be a fine thing to have acquired entire control over that function of the mind, so that whatever was done with might be consciously and finally dismissed, and laid like a ghost in the Red Sea. The provoking thing is the way that recollections have of disappearing for a time, and emerging again just as they are not wanted. Or sometimes they will retire to the half-cleared regions in the outskirts of consciousness, and there lead a sort of will-o'-the-wisp existence, too vague to be of any use, but tantalizing and misleading to their former owner. Then again, they will sometimes play a sort of hide-and-seek, slipping out of sight just when one wants to lay one's hand upon them, and diving deeper into the recesses of one's mind for every effort one can make to recall them. Or a fragment of a subject will disappear, leaving a mutilated and useless remnant behind. All these vagaries would be sternly checked by a proficient in the art of forgetting. What was once banished from the mind would remain in exile for ever, unless recalled by the clemency of the despot. Chambers might be set apart in the mind for the reception of ideas only temporarily discarded, where they would be kept under lock and key till required. Others would remain within call, not obtruding themselves unasked, nor yet wandering beyond easy reach. When this degree of skill in forgetfulness had been attained we should always know what was, and what was not, forgotten. One of the greatest disadvantages of our present clumsy method of proceeding is the uncertainty which hangs over the history of the way in which the mind has dealt with a subject, leaving one in doubt whether what remains is the whole or a part—and, if a part, what proportion—of the original story. If every act of oblivion were consciously performed, we should not run the risk of putting forward imperfect versions as though they were complete.

Besides the many conveniences which would follow from a more methodical and definite manner of forgetting facts, much might be said on the advantages of a thoroughgoing way of forgetting



feelings and people. We are not advocating any form, however mild, of inconstancy. It is a question, not of degree, but of kind. Let as many images as possible be preserved in all their original freshness and beauty. If anything or anybody is to be remembered at all, let it be as fully and as faithfully as may be. But when anything is to be obliterated from the mind, let it be wiped out as with a sponge, not allowed to perish by degrees like a fading photograph. Everything is judged of so much by its relations to other things, that a partial recollection often does less justice to the original than a blank; for in the process of fading some parts will vanish more quickly than others, and what is left will be a distorted and therefore an untrue representation. Of course this process is to a considerable extent inevitable. We cannot, if we would, preserve some of our impressions perfectly, and obliterate others entirely. And were it possible to have none but clear and full and complete pictures in the chambers of the mind, their very clearness would imply a degree of limitation which would make them even more inaccurate, because more inadequate, than wider though mistier views. But, not to insist upon the strong probability that in most minds the proportion of haze is more likely to be excessive than deficient, the question here is not whether pictures shall fade, but how the fading pictures should be dealt with. And what we wish to urge is that the process should not be ignored or left to chance, but carefully noted, and in some cases voluntarily performed. When we must forget, let us know that we are forgetting. In justice to the once remembered but no longer distinct images, let them not be compared with recent and vivid impressions, or reasoned from as though they were still adequate representations of the facts. Let what is vague be recognised as vague, and what is faded as faded, that the part may not be taken for the whole, nor the incompleteness of the past disparaged by comparison with the fulness of the present. If we forgot more clearly we should not do so much injustice to what we remember.

Besides those cases in which all we can do is to take account of the changes which time will inevitably work without our assistance, there are perpetual opportunities in every-day's ordinary affairs for taking the matter into our own hands and summarily turning out of doors such inmates of our minds as are neither pleasant nor profitable. All trivial matters of detail, as a rule, ought to be swept away at short intervals. It is one of the most familiar of little annoyances when some trifle which in itself may be entirely indifferent happens to get lodged in some corner of the mind, like a bit of dust in the eye; and most people know too well the distressing effects which are produced when the power of forgetting is weakened by illness. Things which are painful in themselves have of course a terrible advantage in resisting the efforts of the mind to dislodge them, and therefore it is important to take advantage of the practice afforded by indifferent matters to strengthen the faculty of dismissal. Yet in a healthy mind the painfulness of any subject will in some cases assist the process by serving to deter the thoughts from any approach to it, until, after a period of resolute avoidance, the details are found to have disappeared with the pain. When any subject resolutely opposes the efforts of the mind to get rid of it, some people find assistance in imparting it to others. The Ancient Mariner was in the habit of having recourse to this remedy. It is a sort of kill-or-cure treatment, of which we do not recommend the indiscriminate use; but if it be adopted, the choice of a listener is an important branch of it. As a rule, the oftener the same person is made use of for this purpose the greater becomes his narcotic influence over the performer, as in the similar though reverse process of mesmerism. When a suitable confidant is not at hand, a tolerable substitute may be found in pen and ink. But in these days pen and ink are almost as dangerous as alcoholic stimulants, and we do not wish to incur the reproach which is falling upon doctors for recklessness in prescribing such powerful and seductive medicines.

Perhaps the most convenient method of learning to forget is to use books for the purpose of preliminary practice. The materials are so abundant, the process so easy, and the results so perfectly safe that we can unhesitatingly recommend this means of study. The first step might be to pass through the mind's sieve a small quantity of newspaper every day, increasing the dose by degrees, until a mild form of periodical novel might be easily substituted for it. A gradually increasing number of parts might be disposed of every day, until at last a whole novel could be got through at night, and so summarily disposed of that no traces should be visible by the morning's light; and so on with essays, reviews, history, and metaphysics (the order of succession being varied to meet individual cases) until at last even mathematical processes might be made to disappear totally within a few hours after they had been mastered. After this the student will have but little difficulty in forgetting the events, first of his neighbours' and then of his own life, as rapidly and completely as can be desired.

#### GIRL GRADUATES.

MIDSUMMER is as emphatically the period of school shows as Christmas is of cattle shows. Just as at Christmas our squires, our farmers, and dealers show their huge oxen and broad sheep and fat pigs at Smithfield or at Birmingham, so in the months of June and July the race of pedagogues make an annual display of those graces and accomplishments into which they are expected to initiate their pupils. The whole teaching tribe may be said to keep open house at this season. There is an incessant

round of scholastic "At Homes" and University kettledrums. Oxford has her Commemoration, Cambridge her Commencement, Eton her 4th of June, Winchester her Domum, Harrow and Rugby their Speech-days, and all the other schools and colleges which claim with more or less success the title of "public" have their prize-days, their concerts, plays, anniversaries, and celebrations. Such is the tyranny of fashion, and so strong the instinctive desire among the smaller fry of the great school pond to imitate the airs and graces of the bigger fish, that even the little hole-and-corner academies find it convenient to have some kind of gathering which shall give a public character to their break-ups, and serve the purpose both of alluring fresh victims and of securing the allegiance of those that have been already entrapped. Boys who would be quite unable to turn the simplest English sentence into Latin rehearse long disquisitions in that language, and even sometimes in Greek; or they spout passages of Molière and Racine of which they probably could not translate five consecutive lines with the aid of a dictionary.

These entertainments are perhaps harmless enough so long as their proper intention and the true extent of their signification are generally recognised and understood. So long as it is clearly perceived that they do not present the results of the work of any past period, but only the exceptional relaxation which may be sanctioned at the close of hard work—that they represent the loosening and unstringing of the bow, and not its fighting condition—there may be no objection to the maintenance of a custom which is dear to the hearts of the teachers, the parents, and the sisters of the pupils. In the case of the Universities and great public schools which educate the sons of wealthy or cultivated parents, and whose pupils are therefore at an age at which the course of study may be fairly wide and yet tolerably deep, there is not much fear that these shows can be misunderstood. The most frivolous curate or the heaviest Manchester father quite understands that what he sees and hears on these occasions is no exhibition of the real work of the University or the better colleges. He knows, though he may sometimes forget it, that while the undergraduates are bawling in the gallery, and the rustic masters are surging and fermenting below, the real heroes of Oxford are out of sight; that the experienced and self-denying tutor, and not the gay being who leads the ladies to their seats, that the Ireland and Hertford scholars, and not the noblemen and D.C.L.'s, that the first-classmen, and not the Freemasons, are the representatives of real life in Oxford. He knows that Alma Mater looks and acts very differently when she is in earnest; that for the approval of her real work she appeals to a very different tribunal; that she considers all this as a mere game of romps; that, in fact, she wears straws in her hair only once a year, when she is amusing herself *en famille*; or at the most that she is only speaking with tongues for the edification of the weaker brethren. There was no doubt a time when, the Latin language being more colloquially known than it now is, the number of other subjects learnt being small, and examinations being chiefly oral and very partial, it was possible for bystanders to ascertain in a few hours what amount of progress had been made, or of knowledge attained, by the pupils of any school or college. Then, perhaps, the recitations and speech-days of the Universities and public schools did really serve as a means of displaying the attainments of their scholars, and of affording the public a criterion of the results of their work. But all that is now changed. Examinations are laborious, exact, and lengthy affairs. For determining the merits of a public school the public has now other means, which, however inadequate and unsatisfactory they may still be, are at any rate better than a speech-day declamation. The very depth and multiplicity of the subjects taught in good schools prevent their teachers from attempting, or the parents and guardians from accepting, such an imposition. It would be impossible now for an Oxford showman to stand up and say, "Ladies and gentlemen! this interesting young man will now proceed to deliver the Latin oration for which he has been adjudged the degree of Bachelor of Arts, with double first-class honours!" An Eton tutor could not award the "Newcastle," or a Winchester poser the "Goddard," for an exercise performed some fine afternoon in the presence of some fifty or sixty holiday-makers. The modern public schoolmaster cannot, like the Dodo in Mr. Carroll's clever little book, get up an extempore contest among his pupils for the edification of his patrons, and then stand up and announce that "Everybody has won, and all must have prizes!" There is, in short, no danger that, in the case of the great educational institutions of this country, the performances exhibited at their annual shows should be taken as real samples of the work done in them during the past year. But in schools of a lower grade, which have a less public character, or which depend for their encouragement upon the favour of a less cultivated portion of the community, the custom of holding annual pupil-shows is not without peculiar dangers. The displays made in the little academies of Peckham and Islington are positively injurious, because they are made to an indiscriminating public, which is at the mercy of any educational quack or chaftan. More especially is this the case with girls' schools. It may be that this show-day custom is not largely prevalent among girls' schools in England; though there are reasons for thinking that it is on the increase. If so, it is a very undesirable change. Show-days are likely to be peculiarly dangerous to girls' schools, partly because of the number of subjects of which girls learn a little, and the comparative shallowness which results from this multiplicity, and from their weaker physique; and partly because of the novelty of

public examinations and exhibitions in the region of woman's education in England, which makes the majority of women insufficiently acquainted with the real meaning and bearing of any classes, degrees, or other distinctions which are intended to express the result of such examinations. A lady has been known, for example, to say of a young *protégé* at King's College, London, that "he had gained a first-class in all subjects, and a double-first in some!" What chance would that good lady have against a clever educational charlatan?

To what an extent this mischievous absurdity is carried when the audience is sufficiently ignorant, and the showman is a native of that land which produced the great Barnum, any one may remark who reads the accounts of these shows given in American local papers. There is, for example, in Chicago, a thing which in England we should probably call a "private girls' school," but which the Americans call a "young ladies' seminary." On the afternoon of the 2nd of last July a great event occurred at this seminary, which is fully and faithfully described by one of the local papers. It was the show-day, or rather it was the occasion of the "anniversary exercises of the graduating class, reading of exercises, and distribution of diplomas"—an exquisite bit of Transatlantic humbug which, being interpreted, means that the holiday time was come, that the first class was about to take final leave of the school, and that the usual display of the results of their education was to be made. Thus we see that what we in England call a school, the Americans call a seminary; what we call a speech-day they call "an anniversary exercise;" and what we call leaving school they call "graduating," or "receiving a diploma." What entitles one of these girl graduates to her diploma will be seen from the following description.

The local paper unfortunately gives us no account of the buildings and premises of this magnificent seminary. There are, however, accidental hints which indicate that it consists outwardly and visibly of two dwelling-houses knocked into one. Some people might perhaps wonder at the production of such remarkable results in such an unpretending establishment; but that would only show that they did not appreciate the breadth of American resource, or the depth of American contempt for externals. Be this, however, as it may, "the hall, anterooms, and passage" (the back passage of course, the front one being more euphoniously called a hall) were on this show-day "filled with the young ladies and their friends." The "exercises" were opened by the showman, or principal of the seminary, with prayer; immediately after which the overture to *Fra Diavolo* was played by four young ladies upon two pianos. The company having thus got some hint of the unlimited style in which the whole affair was to be conducted, the real business of the day began with the recitations and reading of their essays by the "young ladies graduating." The first fair aspirant to a diploma led off with "an essay on Amber, containing a full scientific account of it, together with many moral and sentimental deductions." The next followed with "an essay on Enthusiasm, showing the eminent advantages to be derived from that trait." Then came one of the greatest strokes of genius that the day exhibited. A young undergraduate read her "original poem on Shadows." Perhaps when the reader sees the title of this poem he congratulates the clever principal and his talented pupil on the choice of so cool and refreshing a subject, singularly suitable to the midsummer of 1867. If so, he wrongs our American cousins in supposing that they could handle a subject with such a shallow simplicity. The shadows of this very "original poem" were, it seems, the trials that afflict us in life. The young authoress showed that they were a species of parasols, keeping off the glare of too much of the sunshine of happiness. What bewitching optimism! Cannot the trustees of the Newdigate take a hint from this? Such a subject has artistic affinities, and could easily be shown, without any straining of the doctrine of *cy pres*, to fall within the range of Sir Roger's intentions. After this poem followed a French essay—subject, "Quand le chat est absent, les souris dansent sous la table"; and after this an English essay on "Mountain Tops." The mountain tops, like the shadows, were, as the reporter says, "metaphorical ones, and meant the successes of life. Persons climbing up to those tops had to cross streams of 'ologies and mountains of dictionaries and text-books.'" The reader will, of course, note the use of the term "persons," which (as we have lately learnt in another place) is the proper technical word by which both sexes of the human race may be comprehensively designated. The term, it will be observed, is very convenient. It indicates the female claim to a share in the mountain tops, without conveying any *souppçon* of Bloomerism or blue-stocking pedantry. After this "Row swiftly" was charmingly sung by some of the lady graduates (the words of the piece being probably understood in a metaphorical sense); and thus the first part of the exercises came to an end. The second part was commenced by a candidate who "read an essay on—Are great poets no longer possible? After thoroughly examining the question, she decided they were." Possible? or no longer possible? The reporter, in the most tormenting fashion, leaves this, the whole upshot of a most interesting inquiry, uncertain. Doubtless, however, the audience, who had heard the "Shadow poem" in the first part, felt no difficulty in deciding the point for themselves.

The next graduate read an essay on "Icicles"—another refreshing subject, metaphorically treated. For "by icicles she meant cold, reserved men and women, the budding June of whose young lives had been turned into the cold of an Arctic winter. They could be melted by human sunshine." Let us hope that some wiser male icicle may have been present either in the hall,

passage, or anteroom. If so, he would probably feel himself a good deal thawed during the course of the afternoon. Two more essays in English and French followed; and the last exercise in the second part was on "A Region of Calms." This, again, was metaphorical, and showed "how respectable and Christian laziness often came out ahead in the race of life, and how those who were such prodigies in their youth, and worked very hard then, were worn out"—a doctrine which is perhaps the funniest perversion of the old fable of the hare and the tortoise that was ever heard even in America. The second part was well wound up by a grand coronation duet, played by two of the pupils. We should have supposed that a coronation duet would have been about as distasteful to an American audience as a crown was to a Roman mob, or as a red flag is to a bull; and we have been much puzzled as to the reason which could have moved the knowing principal to select such a piece. Perhaps the title of this duet, like that of so many of the previous exercises, was intended to be understood metaphorically. May it not have represented the crowning of that "respectable and Christian laziness" which the previous graduates had extolled? Or perhaps it was typical of the applause and admiration with which the principal deserved to be garlanded.

In the third part of this extraordinary entertainment there were only three essays, but two of these, if we may trust the account given by the reporter, were worthy to rank with the best of those in the two former parts. One was "an essay on the Earth's Old Age, which decided that it (the earth, or the old age?) would not last for ever; that it would gradually improve until it ended." The other was "an essay on Imitation; showing the good and evil it did. As an example—had it not been for imitation we might, at the present day, still be dressed in the primitive fig-leaves." This was, as it deserved to be, the climax of the "exercises"; and if the "icicle" was still in attendance, he must have felt his reserve and coldness a good deal melted by this time. Even the stoical and *blasé* reporter seems to have been moved to some enthusiasm by this last effort of genius, for he breaks out into the exclamation that "the exercises throughout were exceedingly interesting, and showed that the pupils had fully improved their opportunities." No doubt they had; though perhaps some old-fashioned English women may be inclined to think that it would be better such opportunities should, like the earth, or its old age, be "improved until they ended." The last scene of all in this strange and interesting performance was the graduation of the outgoing pupils. "The principal spoke a few farewell words to the graduating class, and distributed to them their diplomas." We are not told whether any of the young ladies had been plucked; or, if so, what faults had occasioned the infliction. We can hardly suppose that any girl in the seminary would have been refused her diploma for laziness; provided, of course, that it were "respectable and Christian laziness." It is, however, possible that some pupils may have evinced too much worldly ambition in their studies. Or perhaps one or two unhappy creatures may have failed to make sufficient use of metaphor in their essays. Of course, however, the principal and the reporter were no more bound to proclaim the names of the rejected candidates, if there were any, than the Examiners at Oxford are bound to publish a list of the innocents whom they annually massacre. Let us hope, however, that in this instance there had been no massacre; but that the principal had felt he could conscientiously say with the Dodo, "Everybody has won, and all must have diplomas!" It is open to the reader to hope so. But, be this as it may, there was no outward and visible sign of any young lady being plucked. The Benediction was pronounced by a reverend visitor, and the company dispersed, having doubtless spent a very suggestive afternoon.

#### THE PLEASURES OF BEING IN A MINORITY.

ONE might suppose, from the fuss which has been recently made, that minorities are very ill-used and despised bodies of men and women, the crushed victims of brutal and tyrannical majorities. This has become the conventional way of thinking and talking about the position of minorities. Are we quite sure that there is nothing to be said on the other side? Are there not a great many comforts attendant upon connexion with a minority? We believe that a very slight consideration will show that the minorities have a far better time of it, after all, than the majorities whom they are for ever taunting and reviling. They have only one disadvantage that we can see; they are not often able to have their own way in practice. But against this, which to many of them is not very serious or depressing, there are a score of counter-balancing advantages of another kind. It is no slight thing, for example, to have a profound and immovable confidence that you are in the right, and that most people around you are in the wrong. Every member of a minority possesses this two-armed consolation. He knows, or he firmly believes he knows, that he has been at the pains to go to the very foundations of things; that he has exercised his intellect with manly independence upon them; that he can tell you accurately and fully what has been said, and what is to be said, on both sides of his question; that his opinion therefore is of the only valuable sort—namely, reasoned opinion. If he has a right to pride himself on this lofty and splendid intellectual position for its own sake, it is all the more precious from its superiority to the position of the vulgar crowd. The lazy majority, on the other



hand, on whom he looks down from this altitude, take no trouble about their opinions. They are ignorant why it is that they think in this way rather than in that. They are ignorant, too, why it is that he thinks in that way rather than in this. They owe their conclusions, on the special question in which he is interested, to their grandfathers or to blind chance, or to mere irrational and obsolete usage. They profess a certain set of convictions just because their neighbours and themselves have been accustomed to profess them. All these things are present to the minds of the members of minorities whenever they reflect on the fact of their being minorities. They are softly wrapped in the pleasant persuasion of their own superiority in intellectual vigour, perspicacity, profundity, and courage. It is their courage, above all other virtues, on which they love to reflect. The bravery of their resistance to accepted traditions and beliefs and habits penetrates them with admiration of themselves. This self-gratulation may not be undeserved. They may have exhibited genuine courage, and a thoroughly laudable spirit of non-compliance. Only let us remember that they get a good deal of pleasure out of their courage, and out of the reflections on their own conduct to which it gives rise. A thoroughgoing teetotaler, or a consistent vegetarian, or a sworn foe to tobacco may incur a measure of unfair and apparently unpleasant ridicule, but then all the while they are enjoying the thought of the wickedness and folly and shortsightedness of the man who drinks wine or eats meat or smokes, and of their own pluck in pursuing their own way. Now the humdrum member of a majority, in spite of the taunts with which he is assailed for his undeservedly triumphant position, has no private source of joy of this kind. He is contented enough with his own opinions and feelings, and he has no wish to prevent other people from holding and expressing theirs. He thinks himself right, and he thinks them wrong; but then he has most people on his side, so that he cannot feel any particular pride in his position, which is in truth a tame position enough compared with the fiery self-confidence of his adversary.

A minority, again, has an inexhaustible source of pleasure in the great work of proselytizing, and propagating its peculiar opinions. The truth that "the history of success is the history of minorities" is ever present to their minds, animating their efforts, exhilarating them in prosperous moments, sustaining them in moments of depression. Each convert to their doctrine, each man who is persuaded that it is wrong to drink beer or smoke tobacco, or that it is right for you to marry your deceased wife's sister, is a source of delight for ever unknown to the commonplace being who does not care about marrying his deceased wife's sister, and finds himself unable to get through his day's work without a stimulant and a pipe. It is a great law that the pleasures of anticipation and pursuit are deeper and more penetrating than the pleasures of fruition and attainment. The minority has all the former, while the majority has nothing better worth having than the latter. The man with views that he can get nobody to accept is in the very best position imaginable. We cannot conceive anybody more sincerely to be envied. He is never idle. His day is never objectless. His life is blessed with a purpose and an aim. Among the lukewarm and indifferent he is cheered and heated by the zeal of the missionary. If he is snubbed, he has all the precious consolations of the martyr. A plain man who marches modestly in the ranks with his fellows misses all this. He is no child of hope, with an ever-brightening to-morrow. Life is an uncommonly humdrum thing to him, compared with the attractive aspect which it assumes to the man whom the majority disagree with. To the former men are only more or less pleasant companions—people with whom he transacts business in a groove. But to the latter every mortal with whom he is brought into contact is a new and exciting subject of experiment. A person with no views about alcohol, or tobacco, or deceased wife's sister, or the millennium, sees in his neighbour only a being with whom he can discourse upon the weather, upon little points of neighbourly gossip, upon the emptiness of the newspapers. It would be far otherwise with him if he belonged to a minority, and had views about these momentous matters. Nobody would then be too obscure or too dull to be interesting. Every one whom he met would stimulate him to fresh endeavours to win a convert; he would find a delicious employment in laying down his incontrovertible principles, in bringing forward startling facts, in developing agitating statistics. The delights of statistics alone ought to fill every lover of his kind with regret that circumstances do not allow each and all of us to constitute minorities. Who that has ever heard an enthusiast recount the exact number of gallons of spirit which are consumed annually in Great Britain, or the precise sum of money that is paid every year for tobacco, or the calculations which prove that the millennium is to come off in 1869, can doubt that such a man has discovered a sort of joy which can never be known to the plain unstatistical man? We are sure that some of the most active members of these standing minorities would never forgive a turn of fate which should rob them of their occupation by making their facts and figures and arguments universally successful and accepted. The majority of us are, as it is, precisely in that condition in which they would then be. We live our lives in a plain manner, with nobody to convert in public, with no stock selection of extraordinary and conclusive facts to meditate upon in the privacy of our chamber, with no sets of figures to inspire us with a delightful consternation. We have no majority whom we in turn can persecute and pester with our convictions, as the minorities persecute and pester us. Yet, in spite of this very obvious consideration, the minorities pretend

that they are shamefully badly off, and that the majorities have the best of it in every way.

That there are very many delights and moral advantages in the fact of being in a minority might be further inferred from the circumstance that anybody who is in a minority about one thing soon acquires a taste for occupying the same place in regard to numerous other things as well. The pleasure of merely differing from most other people, and of trying hard, but happily without too much success, to bring them round to the same way of thinking, must be a pleasure in itself, or else we should not find so many people who stand with the minorities in every question throughout the entire field of opinion. You will nearly always find, for example, that the members of the smallest and most obscure religious sects after a time get their minds impressed with all sorts of uncommon notions upon non-religious subjects. They acquire a love of dissidence, a belief in dissent, for its own sake, in every sort of matter. The taste for being in a minority comes to be a passion with them. A few years ago, when beards were not in fashion, the most thoroughgoing heretics and unbelievers used to make it a point of honour to wear as much hair as nature had given them alike on their chins and their heads. Their beards and their long back-hair formed as important a part of their creed as anything more spiritual. Very possibly some of them would have felt much happier if they could have had smooth faces and short hair. But the discomfort in this respect was more than compensated by the delicious consciousness that they were protesting against the majority—their prime function and business in life. In the same spirit they felt it to be a duty to abstain from alcoholic drinks, for no better reason than that their neighbours did not practise such abstinence. The loss of the stimulus of wine was cheaply purchased by the increase of spiritual pride which accrued from it, and which, in its own way, has been long found to contain as intoxicating and demoralizing a stimulant as alcohol itself. Uncommon opinions thus seem to hang together in clusters, with no more visible common stem than an unwillingness in the person who holds them to think anything which his neighbours have been accustomed to think. And this stem is practically found amply strong enough to answer the desired purpose. A man in whom it thrives robustly will die rather than come over to the side of the majority. He will wear strange garments, use strange phrases, live in a strange manner, prefer strange opinions, decline to think, say, or do anything which is usually said, thought, and done by men of his position and education. What his soul loves is a minority of one. In default of this he will look out for the next smallest minority that he can find, and to that he will clasp himself with hooks of steel. Difference from the majority of the day is "a matter of principle" with him—perhaps the most unintelligible and preposterous general principle that ever conceit and impracticableness engendered in mortal man. The rapture of being in a minority must be great indeed when it can so cloud the understandings of acute men as to allow them to dream that there is a shadow of merit in isolation. As if this isolation were not quite as often the product of vanity, thinness, and trumpety egotism, as of that manly and courageous speculative independence by which minorities would fain have it explained.

There must be one occasional drawback in the pleasures of people of this stamp. Now and then, unless they are very ignorant and conceited indeed, they must have it forced upon their minds that a great many more minorities have been wrong than right. It is true that the majority in most departments of opinion has once been a minority. But there have been thousands of minorities which have never either been, or deserved to be, anything else than minorities. Of course everybody will flatter himself that his particular minority, his special 'doxy, is not of this sterile kind, but is destined to more or less rapid transformation. Possibly he is right. In any one case, however, the chances are that he is wrong; and in all cases it will be found that progress is promoted most efficiently, not by men who have as little common ground as possible with the majority of their contemporaries, but by those who have as much common ground as is compatible with an independent opinion upon the one or two questions which happen to contain the progressive elements specially operative at the given time.

#### MARRIAGE-BROKERS.

IT will be a highly agreeable piece of intelligence to hosts of charming women and fascinating men when they learn that a Company is in existence for the purpose of promoting "matrimonial alliances." We have before us a lengthy prospectus or circular, printed on paper of a lovely tint, which was a few days ago sent by the coarse medium of the penny post to a lady of rank. At the close of the season, which is understood to have been only moderately brilliant in the important department of match-making, there must be a good many baffled beauties and frustrated fortune-hunters to whom the opportunity of continuing the campaign on new principles will be exceedingly welcome; and for their benefit we venture to call attention to the "Office for Marriages, ancienne et seule Institution internationale de l'Angleterre pour la conclusion des alliances matrimoniales," conducted by Messrs. John Schwarz and Co. of—let us say Dalston. It will be observed at once, both indirectly from the use of two languages in the title of the establishment, and directly from the epithet describing the institution, that our benefactors seem to be behind the age, and

that the great international principle is to be extended to the most tender and solemn association of man with woman. Why, if a woman fails to meet some beautifully sympathetic male soul among her cold English compatriots, should she not roam further afield? If a man fails to persuade some blonde *Meess Anglaise* to bestow her glowing affections and her money upon a constant suitor, why should he not seek a mate among the dark daughters of Italy or Spain, the gay children of Gaul, or the substantial maidens of Holland? Civilization demands the instant abolition of all the trumphy ideas which cluster round love of one's country. Let us shake off these feeble prejudices. They are unworthy of the time. Messrs. Schwarz and Co. are ready to annihilate time and space to make two lovers happy. And not only time and space, but race too. They have already effected a union between a lady in Europe and a gentleman in Africa. As it happened, indeed, the gentleman was a European, but this was an accident, of course, over which he could not have had the least control. The principle of inter-continental alliances was established just the same. If he had been an African born, the Dalston Company would not have quailed. Is not the nigger our brother? How then can any European gentleman, with the slightest sense of logic, object to have him for a brother-in-law? Dalston at any rate is above such mean insolence of race. It is the grand centre of moral electric cables, stretching forth over the wide universe, bearing the sighs of lovers from Rotten Row to Africa's sunny fountains or Greenland's icy mountains, or anywhere else, if the lovers will only carefully prepay their sighs. This is an essential condition. If a lady wishes to vindicate her rights by marrying a gentleman of colour, or if a gentleman wishes to break that dire monotony which is the curse of our civilization by placing a Hottentot Venus at the head of his table, you have only to send "applications for marriages (*prepaid*)" to the international Company. This marriage between Europe and Africa is treated in a really impressive manner by the philogamist author of the circular. "Who will not recognise in this union," he cries, "the distinct command of Providence," employing Messrs. John Schwarz and Co. "as instruments for uniting these persons, who without their assistance would surely never have met in this world, in consequence of their limited spheres of life!" Clearly. Marriages are made in Heaven, *vis* Dalston. "This case," we are assured, "may serve as an encouragement to those persons who through timidity or diffidence do not like to address themselves in confidence to the Directors of the Institution." As the Directors of the Institution have just given us the names and addresses in full of the happy couple whose union Providence distinctly commanded, we do not quite see how the case is likely to encourage shy couples to banish their diffidence. Or is it that the extremely flattering fact of the interest taken by Providence in one's limited sphere of life ought to encourage one? We cannot tell, but there the case is. It is numbered with accuracy—No. 2360—and so it must be true. Another very interesting case is that of a Prussian Freiherr, who married "a young English lady, daughter of a high dignitary of the Church of England, and related to the English aristocratic families." The Freiherr—name and address again given in full—writes to his benefactors, "I also acknowledge the receipt of all my letters and of my note of hand for 150*l.*, due to them as the agreed commission for their agency on behalf of my marriage. Signed by my own hand, and sealed with my own coat of arms." It will no doubt be exceedingly interesting to the high dignitary of the Church of England and to the English aristocratic families to know the precise amount paid by their admirable relative for the young daughter. A hundred and fifty pounds seem to us to be a most reasonable price. Many a curate would contrive to scrape that sum together for the sake of the young daughter of a high dignitary. A wife, and the prospects of preferment, would be cheap at the price.

Occasionally the Directors give us tantalizing glimpses of married bliss. For instance—

Belgrade, Dec. 7, 1859.

Gentlemen,—In reply to your honoured letter I beg to announce that I am since several weeks married to Lady von T—. . . . My wife is a very excellent person, and I am quite satisfied, and therefore thank you again. As soon as I shall receive her dowry I shall make my thanks more substantial.

Assuring you of our highest mutual esteem,  
I am, yours obediently.

The mutual esteem between this precious gentleman and the Dalston Company must be something quite unique. Was it not a trifle shabby, though, to pay for the wife out of her own dowry? But perhaps this is a sentimental view of things. At all events, it must be a comfort to the lady to know that she is found satisfactory; according to sample, as it were. What would have occurred, we wonder, if the purchaser had happened not to be quite satisfied? Messrs. Schwarz will not think it impertinent if we suggest that their establishment, to be perfect, ought to have a Divorce Department in case of accidents. Their skill in fastening would, no doubt, be surpassed by their skill in loosening; and one cannot help suspecting that a good many of the people who can testify to their skill in the former part of their delightful and honourable business would be only too happy to have a chance of doing the same for the latter. It is quite possible that the lady whose husband gave for her his note of hand for a hundred and fifty pounds would eagerly give three hundred pounds to get rid of him. But these are unpleasant thoughts. Let us reflect on the case of one F—. To him Messrs. Schwarz had sent an honoured letter containing their good wishes for the new year—and possibly also a

request for cash, or perhaps for postage stamps. The receiver of this epistle writes with much fervour and gratitude. "We were married on the 10th October, 1862, at Trieste, but alas, my good wife is at present ill. . . . I send you, as well as your lady, my most heartfelt thanks, and shall endeavour, as far as I can, to express it always." Messrs. Schwarz would perhaps almost as soon have had stamps as any amount of heartfelt thanks. But what is this about the lady? The letter is addressed to "Messrs. John Schwarz and Co." Your lady! How can John Schwarz and all the rest of the Co. speak of their lady? Surely, on the principle that the physician ought to begin by healing himself, each shareholder and director in the Matrimonial Company ought to begin by using its agency to provide him with his own lady. Whatever may be the mystery here, about a fortnight after the above letter the "good wife" wrote to the lady in question—"Madame, mon mari est un honnête homme, je vous le répète." Before she was a good wife, she had written in a manner that is almost touching:—"J'espère, madame, par ces détails avoir satisfait à l'intérêt que vous me portez; croyez, je vous en prie, que si, comme je l'espère fermement, je dois goûter le bonheur dans l'union qui se prépare, je n'oublierai jamais que c'est à vous que je le dois." Perhaps the lady will take care that she never does forget it, so long as she continues to reside in a town which enjoys the benefit of postal communication. It is rather strange that the good wife, herself an Italian, with a German husband, writing to the lady of a German firm, should use French. But then foreigners are all such queer people. Or perhaps it is because French is the language of diplomacy.

Why, however, linger over these cases? In them what has been done cannot be undone. Let us look to the future. The Company has names on its books at this moment. They "beg leave to state most respectfully that amongst a great number of gentlemen claiming their assistance, are at present SEVERAL HIGHLY DISTINGUISHED NOBLEMEN." Let us enumerate them:—

1. An Austrian Count, 33 years of age, Chamberlain to his I. R. Majesty and Major in the army, possessor of large estates in Saxony, with a yearly income of 12,000 thalers.
2. A Dutch Count, 33 years of age, attached to the household of a royal prince of Holland and Director of a well-known Gas Compagnie in a foreign country.
3. An Italian Count, 40 years of age, holding a commission as Lieut-Col. of Cavalry in the Italian army.

"These noblemen," we are told, "being desirous of concluding matrimonial alliances, do not look for high family descent; they would cheerfully offer their hands and high social position to any lady of good education, unblemished reputation, and possessing a jointure from 20*l.* to 40,000*l.*" This may remind one of the lady who advertised for a small loan on "the security of a spotless name and a rosewood pianoforte." *Argal*, "any lady, either of the aristocracy or middle classes, possessing the enumerated qualifications will have a rare opportunity of acquiring, not only a highly-gifted husband, but also of becoming a member of one of the first families in Europe." The Company forgot to name among the qualifications for candidature incurable idiocy, because certainly no woman, either of the aristocracy or middle classes, who was not an absolute fool could bring herself to believe that rich and highly gifted and patrician German and Dutch counts would be reduced to the good offices of the benevolent Schwarz and Co., and their lady, if they wished to marry. There must be idiots of this kind, or else where would the money come from to pay for all the paper and print of Schwarz and Co.? The worst of it is that a mere act of folly in such a quarter may lead to the most horrible and prolonged wretchedness; for a silly woman who has once entangled herself with marriage-brokers would submit to almost any demands on her purse rather than have her folly exposed to her friends. It may be assumed that such persons make their living mostly out of women. No male over fifteen, we are sure, could have so little knowledge of the world as to open a correspondence with a matrimonial agency office. In vain the net is supposed to be set in the sight of any bird, yet the fact that these fowls should send their circulars to respectable people shows that their ventures are not always unsuccessful. Now and then, no doubt, some imbecile with money listens to their overtures, and one success may pay for many failures. Yet, after all, Schwarz and Co. must do a good deal of work for the money, and, with the same amount of trouble well directed, they might make a respectable living. They would not have so much amusement in reflecting on the blind fatuousness of mankind, we admit.

#### THE CHARACTER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THIS is a very good time to judge fairly of the temper and character of the existing House of Commons. We have given our legislators notice to quit, so that our judgment is no longer biased by hopes and fears about their future behaviour. After the next election, when we become acquainted with the faults of our new servants, we shall probably look with undue leniency upon the shortcomings of the old ones. We must use the interval in which we can be impartial to form a just opinion. We do not aim at an analysis of the public character of the House of Commons. The effect produced upon the history of this country by the Parliaments of the last thirty years can be better told a generation hence than at the present time. We shall now look upon the House merely as an assembly of men who have engaged themselves to perform certain duties, and the object of our inquiry is the temper and assiduity with which



that engagement has been fulfilled. Neither shall we attempt to describe the character of individual members. Mr. Bright tells us that the House has during his time contained such a variety as never to have been without one or two members supposed to be somewhat touched in the head, and therefore regarded by the rest with peculiar tenderness and indulgence. But the House has, apart from the character of its individual members, a temper and disposition of its own, which has always been a subject of anxious study to practical politicians. Those who fail to understand it become the bores or the jesters of Parliament; those who succeed in learning their lesson, and have the prudence to avoid affronting the House, are secure in a respectable political career; while the few masters who have the rare gift of not only comprehending but also managing the House rise into the first rank of statesmen. Practical study of this subject must be suspended until the new House of Commons assembles; but a review of the past may prepare us for the lesson to be learnt hereafter.

The House of Commons is not idle. Most of the individual members are. Some never show themselves, except at great party divisions; most go down to Westminster at four o'clock for the gossip of the House and lobby, and towards dinner time take their departure for the night. The few who habitually stay to conduct the real business of the Session are scarcely one hundred in number. But this remnant is so assiduous, and sits up so late, that the Speaker has several times during the past Session had to remonstrate, and to insist on the House going to bed at a more reasonable hour. A "count-out" is no proof of a fit of idleness. The House nearly always counts itself out for some deliberate purpose. The officials of the House, the newspaper reporters, and the Lords of the Treasury, who are always ready to assist the author of the "count" and shelter him from observation or publicity, are no doubt influenced by a desire for repose, but this motive alone would scarcely ever ensure the success of the manoeuvre. The count-out which took place on the evening of the day when the first morning sitting was held was the subject of much discussion, and the whole secret of the process was revealed. The "count" had been plotted and carried into effect by men who left their dinner, and hurried down, at the risk of indigestion, to the House, in order by this means to delay the repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. When a dull subject is brought on, men retire to the Library or Tea-room. An orator may be left to discourse to the Speaker, Mr. Stuart Mill, and the one or two Lords of the Treasury whose duty it is to furnish the front bench; but if he is counted out, it is usually not for the dulness of his own topic, but for the obnoxious character of something which is to follow.

The House, though not idle, is, at least when assembled in large numbers, very impatient. Every one knows the disgraceful scene which occurs when a debate is protracted into the dinner-hour without an agreement having been made for a division late at night. If a member who does not understand the House attempts to speak, or if Mr. Darby Griffith enforces the duty of hearing him as more urgent than that of dining, the House becomes not unlike an election mob. Yet, at the moment of most incoherent uproar, any one with sufficient character and position can obtain a patient hearing. A smile at the noisy crowd thronging the bar, a gesture at the clock above them—and the bargain is understood and ratified; the crowd know that the speaker has a point, and will be short; they can trust him because he has before kept faith on similar occasions; there is a great silence, a short telling speech is made, the speaker sits down, and the crowd roars at the rise of some rash member who is tempted by their momentary patience to test their further forbearance. The House never showed a more impatient temper than in the discussion of the Lords' Amendments to the Reform Bill. Men had come up to London from all parts for the purpose of voting in the divisions. They were determined to finish their task in a single night, and to be gone. No minor politician had any chance of a hearing except during dinner, when talkers were for a short time in demand, to prevent a premature division. Even those who are used to be listened to found their audience unusually fierce. The House was something like a wild beast. As long as the speaker fronted it and kept his eye on it the signs of disapprobation did not rise above a low growl; but if he dropped his countenance to fix a double eye-glass on his nose, or turned his back to drink his accustomed glass of water, the growl swelled at once into a yell of indignant impatience, which it required much tact and temper afterwards to appease.

The House is never ill-natured. It is fiercely jealous, indeed, of its own power and privileges, and will not brook defiance either from within or from without. A few rash men in Parliament sometimes contradict the will of the House, and venture upon a trial of strength, with the result of making their opponent more and more furious, until they are at last compelled to give way. Any one suspected of having played the House a trick—for instance, by sending up a petition with fictitious signatures, or making a false return to an election writ—is treated with unsparing severity. But, except when such jealousy is aroused, the House is lenient and good-natured. It can bear to be told of its faults. When a member rises, in the last week of the Session, and solemnly asks the Indian Secretary whether he is yet able to name a day for the Indian Budget, the House laughs merrily at the implied reproach for its neglect of Indian affairs. Though there is always curiosity to know the names of persons referred to in debate, the revelation is never insisted on where publicity would bring the person into undue ridicule or discredit. The House will scarcely ever allow its power to be employed for crushing an

individual, however unworthy. An address for the removal of one particular magistrate, scheduled for bribery, was from this feeling alone converted into an address for the removal of all such persons—a course which the Crown, with the tacit approval of the House, deemed it impossible to adopt. And it is not only the member of defective intellect who has cause to be grateful for tender indulgence. Bashful youths and nervous philosophers may speak, at proper seasons, to a kind and unexacting audience. Any interruption to the flow of words caused by physical weakness or stage fright is endured with patience and good-nature. The only thing the House will rarely do for anybody's gratification is to pay attention. There is no audience in the world so difficult to interest. It is not only that the hearers are a continually changing body, from the bad habit which most members contract of perpetually running in and out of the House; but every one is seated next a neighbour whom he knows, and with whom he may have half a dozen matters to discuss in the course of the evening. It is not bad manners to talk, if you do not talk too loud. There is not the moral restraint which gives clergymen such deadly attentive audiences for their sermons. The case is like that of music at a tea-party. The speaker makes noise enough to cover a low murmur of conversation, and those who are supposed to be listeners take advantage of the opportunity and talk. But to those who by the possession and long practice of many rare qualities, moral and intellectual, have attained what is called the "ear of the House," no audience could show more deference. When a statesman of the first rank rises, conversation stops, and even running in and out of the House is discontinued. The listeners are keenly critical. They love eloquence; they abhor mere rhetoric. The best may occasionally be turgid and bombastic; but any one who sinned often in this respect would speedily forfeit his title to be attended to. Mr. Bright, who ought to be satiated with applause for eloquence, says that he finds great pleasure in addressing the House of Commons; it is the patient listeners whose assiduity surprises him. Orators must like an audience so quick in catching their most delicate allusions. Mr. Lowe reads an opinion of Mr. J. S. Mill that certain arguments will convince all persons except those "whom an *a priori* theory has blinded to the dictates of reason and common sense," and, by a glance over the top of his book at Mr. Gladstone, sets the whole House laughing. When Mr. Gladstone, in the midst of an eloquent denunciation of the Government and their satellites, is interrupted, and loses for a moment the thread of his discourse, the word "satellites," suggested across the table with a peculiarly calm intonation, conveys all that Mr. Disraeli has to say in answer to such attacks by his opponent.

Yet, with all the individual ability of its members, and with all its collective quickness and sagacity, the House without leaders is as weak and foolish as any other mob. More than one notable example of this has been given in the history of the Reform Bill. This measure has been peculiarly the work of the House—that is, the work of the members themselves, unguided by the experience of statesmen. The result is that they have changed their minds and stultified themselves over and over again upon the most important points; they have talked a prodigious amount of nonsense about enfranchising and disfranchising propositions, about compromises which were all giving and no taking; and have ended by consenting to, and applauding collectively, a measure containing much that no single member either understands or approves.

The present House is free from one of the worst faults of that middle-class which it represents—"snobbishness." There is no place in which a man's connexions have less to do with his success than in the House of Commons. His own worth, his own ability, temper, and diligence, are what he must stand or fall by. Exalted station may certainly bring a man sooner into office; but that is a doubtful advantage. There is an earlier opportunity of exhibiting yourself, but it may be either as a wise man or as a fool. Recent examples of rising men damned by the brightness of office will readily suggest themselves to the reader. An inferior man attains no greater weight in the House because he has been a Secretary of State. One risen from the ranks has no better and no worse chance than a lord. Let us hope that the new House of Commons elected by the artisan class may show a like freedom from servility, and a like appreciation of plebeian merit.

#### THE REPORT OF THE COMMISSION ON RITUAL.

IT is impossible to repress a slight smile of amusement at the patronizing air with which the *Times* has condescended to introduce the preliminary Report of the Royal Commissioners on Ritual to the attention of its readers. As the right and wrong of any question of the day are simply convertible terms for the approval or censure of the despot of our breakfast-tables, we are far from being surprised at the gratification with which, we are assured, the public has learnt the agreement of the Report with the "anticipations we were led to express last week"—a gratification, however, which will doubtless soon pass into wonder why, in a land which possesses a daily prophetic oracle of this singular accuracy, either Report or Commission should be needed at all. Even the Jupiter, however, had hardly ventured to anticipate "so complete a triumph of common sense"; and certainly, if the energetic version of the Report which follows had been correct, never did common sense triumph in so ruthless a fashion. The Ritualists, it seems, are simply trampled under foot by the indignant Commissioners, their pretensions rejected, their intelligence recognised indeed, but only at the expense of their appre-

ciation of propriety and duty, their scandalous and unpardonable conduct visited with "severe rebuke" and "severe condemnation." We have thought it right to repeat this very tall talk as accurately as possible, as, like the authorized version of other documents, it has no doubt already superseded the original with the bulk of readers; but the few who have taken the trouble to compare the two have probably admired more than ever the happy audacity of Printing House Square. Not one of all these terrible thunderings can be discovered in the actual Report; on the contrary, we find a document of singular brevity, and of almost episcopal reticence and caution. But, brief and cautious as it is, it conveys a decided opinion, and recommends a distinct course of legislative action; and it is due to the rank and acquirements of the Commissioners themselves, to the patience with which they have conducted the inquiry, and the effort they have made to find a solution of the difficulty submitted to them, as well as to the importance of the subject itself, that in the interval which must elapse before their proposals can take legislative form, they should receive a consideration very different from the rabid eulogy of the *Times*.

The Royal Commissioners have very properly put aside for the present the multitudinous topics which their original instructions embraced, to confine themselves to the particular question—the question of Ritual, as it is called—out of which their existence really sprang. But even Ritual has proved too wide a field, and inquiry and recommendation have as yet been restricted to what the Report terms "the question of the vestments worn by the ministers of the said United Church at the time of their ministration, and especially to those the use of which has been lately introduced into certain churches." The opinion of the Commissioners is briefly "that it is expedient to restrain in the public services of the United Church of England and Ireland all variations in respect of vesture from that which has long been the established usage of the said United Church." It is perhaps natural that a number of wise and moderate men should find the best solution of a difficulty which seems to them to have been caused by certain needless changes in a simple policy of "as you were"—a policy which relieves them from the necessity of examining a vast mass of controversial statements and laying down principles on some of the most disputable points of theology and discipline. But there are some questions which, if once opened, can hardly be closed again without a principle being tacitly involved in a mere return to the old status, and we fear that it is the principle of simple inaction which is virtually assumed in the Commissioners' Report. As a practical settlement of the actual question before them, we cannot think the "opinion" a very satisfactory one; it would, for instance, abolish the stole, which, universal and free from objection as it is its use, cannot plead any great length of modern prescription, and is certainly a "variation in respect of vesture from that which has long been the established usage of the Church." The use of the surplice in preaching, on the other hand—a "vestment question" which has in its day caused a greater stir than the use of chasuble or cope, and which still affords a favourite battle-ground for parson and people—is untouched by the words of the Report; indeed, it is difficult not to imagine that the clause has been specially framed with the view of avoiding it. But the principle of pure immobility, if it holds good in other vestment matters, can hardly fail to be applied to this; nor would it be easy, natural as it is for the Commissioners to separate the questions, to refuse its application to the whole conduct of the service, as well as to the vestments used in it. It was only the other day that Sir Frederick Ouseley was congratulating the country on the spread of ecclesiastical music, and predicting that a surpliced choir would soon be seen in every village church. The prediction was as sanguine as predictions generally are, but if the wide extension of musical services is unquestionable, their introduction twenty years ago was as bold an innovation as the introduction of the vestments now; nor is it easy to see what defence can be alleged for their existence if the practice of the last couple of hundred years is to pass from precedent into law. If it is answered that the clamour has ceased, the answer is fatal to the pleas of scandal and danger advanced by the present advocates of Conservatism, and the Ritualist may fairly ask for twenty years of grace in his turn. We do not, however, dwell on the practical difficulties which present themselves the moment we give effect in imagination to the opinion of the Commissioners. It is possible that each of those difficulties might find some illogical but satisfactory solution, and our objection lies far deeper than any question of detail.

We cannot be too grateful to the Commissioners for having disengaged the question before them from all theological colourings and prejudices, and considered it in the simple light of practical expediency. This is the more meritorious, as it was probably the one point on which they received least information; for it must be remembered that the witnesses whom the Commissioners were compelled to call were for the most part the very persons whose opinions were most worthless in the matter. Bigots on the one side and bigots on the other side, men who saw a mystical meaning in the cut of a vestment, men who saw Popery in the colour of a stole, men with a mission to bring Catholic principles in, men with a mission to keep Catholic principles out—echoes of the *Record*, echoes of the *Church Times*—these are just the very people whose opinions, if we wish to come to some practical settlement of the matter, must be simply put aside. The question, as the Commissioners have rightly put it, is not one of theological orthodoxy or of religion or of conscience; the mere

lapse of time takes it out of the region of strict law; it is eminently a question of expediency—a question not for enthusiasts on either side, but for that quiet, reasonable common sense of the English people, whose triumph the *Times* found somewhat prematurely in the Commissioners' Report. And the question for the common sense of the Church and people to settle is, first, can you put Ritualism down; and secondly, what would you have gained, and what would you have lost, by putting down Ritualism if you could? We use the word Ritualism rather than the word vestments, because vestments are only a part of a system of ceremonial observance by which, rightly or wrongly, a great party in the Church of England think good to symbolize and express their particular dogmatic teaching. To expel that party, or to suppress its teaching, or to put an end to the whole Ritual system, seems, from the experience of former efforts, to be now pronounced simply impossible. When George III. was forced to relinquish his struggle with the American colonists, he preferred, with rare wisdom, to exchange his bitter hostility only for a hearty and ungrudging friendship. What is now proposed is, in effect, to reverse the policy of George III., and to welcome a great party to the position it has won by attaching to it at the last moment the stigma of a small defeat. "Believe me, I will never make martyrs of you," said a wise king to his frantic opponents; and it is as well not to give a religious party the chance of airing its martyrdom. We cannot see, with the Royal Commissioners, the expediency of a measure of repression which would leave doctrine and teaching just where it was, but which would add a hundredfold to the zeal and energy of those who hold that doctrine and advance that teaching, by giving them a small but ever-galling grievance. That it would shake the attachment of the bulk of the Ritualists to the Church of England we do not believe; but it would turn them into a set of discontented agitators, thoroughly hostile to the system under which the Church of England is worked, and the perpetual broil and controversy which would follow would make us all long for the days of quarrels over coloured stoles and pretty dalmatics. To the question of vestments, however, in its relation to the great party out of which their revival has sprung, the Commissioners seem to have given little attention; they are satisfied with having elicited from some of the witnesses that they viewed them as non-essentials. We shall soon see whether Mr. Daniel Wilson of Islington was asked whether, when he broke up the peace of the Church by his defiance of his Bishop's injunction to preach in a surplice, he considered a black gown an essential. The truth is that it is just non-essentials which are the outward symbols of things they hold to be essential that men fight over most bitterly. The flag of a soldier is a non-essential, but there are few soldiers who would not die for their flag.

But if the Commissioners give little attention to the Ritualists themselves they give much to the mass whom they scandalize. These vestments, we are told, "give grave offence to many." We should have thought the question was, did they give reasonable offence. But anyhow we cannot see that the vestments stand in a different position from the doctrines they symbolize. We take it that those who are offended at all are just as much offended by the doctrine of priestly absolution or the sacramental theory; but "grave offence" has not yet been advanced as a reason for restricting the range of theological opinion in the Church of England. If, however, we pass from the many to individual congregations, we are ready at once to grant that any practice which causes grave offence to the great majority of the worshippers in any church where it is introduced is an evil which we should do well to remedy. But why, even in this respect, may not ritual stand on the same footing as doctrine? It is hard perhaps that a congregation which has been accustomed to see its minister in a surplice should have to see him in a cope. But is it harder than that a flock which has been reared in the doctrines of Laud or Andrewes should suddenly be handed over to the teachings of a disciple of Calvin, or that the pulpit which one Sunday has been thumped to the praises of the Protestant Establishment should on the next be echoing to the softer commendations of the Catholic Church? To this, however, experience has accustomed us, and we see that any attempt to save congregations from the "grave offence" of a sudden change of doctrine would be perilous to that variety of religious opinion which is the one great characteristic of the Church of England. But if congregations can reconcile themselves to a change of doctrine with each successive incumbent, how long will they remain so sensitive to a change of dress? The one—if we may venture to turn the distinction of the Commission to our use—is an essential; the other is, after all, a non-essential. We are not in the least contending that congregations should be left, as they are now left, to the mercy of the minister; on the contrary, we believe that, could it be exercised without detriment to the yet higher interests of the freedom of opinion, nothing would tend to knit the laity closer to the Church than some power of at any rate expressing their opinion on their own ecclesiastical affairs. All we wish to point out is that, if such a direct control is intended, it cannot be restricted to mere questions of ritual; and that if "aggrieved parishioners" are, in the words of the Report, to be "provided with an easy and effectual process for complaint and redress," stoles and maniples will soon cease to be the only grievances to which that process will be applied. Indirect control, it must be remembered, congregations already exercise—in rural parishes through the power to withhold the church-rate; in town parishes, and above all in those "ritualistic" churches against which the aggrieved parishioner is to be aided in proceeding, by the



ups and downs of the weekly offertory, a very sensitive indicator of popular feeling. But everywhere there is the silent influence of that general opinion in the teeth of which few clergymen choose to run at all, and none care to run long.

It is, in fact, to that public opinion that, in spite of the decision of the Commissioners, we think a true policy of expediency would leave the matter. If this revival of vestments is a mere freak of a few parsons, it will die out as other freaks have died. If it is the deliberate expression of the beliefs and feelings of a great party, it is useless, and worse than useless, to give that party room in the Church and to deny it elbow-room. Anyhow it will in the long run flourish or fall as it commends itself to the conscience and the intelligence, not of a few zealots, but of a large body of men; and whatever is claimed as of real religious value by any large section of the Church ought to find a place within the Church's bounds. As yet all parties have availed themselves of the loopholes which time has made or ingenuity has discovered in the rubrics and formularies of the Church of England. It would be impossible to begin mending the loopholes with a view to the detriment of one party only; any attempt of the kind would only be the precursor of a legislative darning-up which would be as inconvenient to the Liberal or the Evangelical as this would be to the Ritualist. As yet the fortunes of the Church of England have led her along a very different way, and we cannot believe that the annoyance of a few ceremonies will make her abandon the proud boast which she caught from the lips of John Hales, of being "the broadest and most comprehensive Church in Christendom."

#### CHRISTIAN MORALITY IN INDIA.

THE papers of last week were enlivened, as far as the languid race of Anglo-Indians is concerned, by a brief report of a speech of which Sir Herbert Edwardes, in the interval between tea and croquet, delivered himself at a lawn meeting to a large gathering of the clergy and gentry of Hertfordshire; and still more perhaps by the publication of a "Confidential Circular" which Colonel Fytche, the Chief Commissioner of British Burmah, has directed to his subordinate Commissioners, with orders that it is to be passed on to "every officer under them, and to every officer who may hereafter enter their departments." Both these productions contain direct accusations against the moral conduct of important classes of the Indian community, and they may well be considered together.

Sir Herbert Edwardes is a man of ability and experience, who has done good service in his day both as a soldier and administrator, and, being still in the prime of manhood, it is reasonable to hope that his energies and talents may long continue to bear fruit for the benefit of his country. It was with a feeling of real pain, therefore, that we read the following passage in the speech above referred to:—

Sir Herbert Edwardes, K.C.B., addressed a large gathering of the clergy and gentry of Hertfordshire, at a lawn meeting, held at Watton Woodhall, the seat of Mr. Abel Smith, M.P., on Monday afternoon. The meeting was in aid of the Church Missionary Society, and Sir Herbert Edwardes, in his address, controverted certain notions that had got abroad of the failure of missions in India. He could bear his testimony, he said, to the fact that the missionaries were an earnest, self-denying, conscientious body of men. With regard to the native Christians, they were of two classes, Romanists and Protestants. The Romanist converts, known in India as Portuguese Christians, were easily made after the manner of Xavier, who boasted that he had converted a village in a day, and baptized 10,000 in a month. These Romanist Christians, of whom there were a million in the country, were persons of very bad character, and no European would employ them because they were not trustworthy. They were also as much heathens as before their so-called conversion, for the distinctions of caste were maintained among them, even in their places of worship; while Juggernath and Shiva had been substituted by a Virgin, blackened to suit the climate, and drawn about on a car in the same manner as the old idol. The Protestant converts were of a different sort. They were carefully trained in the principles of our religion, and were not admitted to baptism until they had given proof that they had cast off their old idolatry, with its vices. As a matter of experience he (Sir H. Edwardes) could state that in the observance of Christian duty, and the value they set on Christian privileges, they were far in advance of our congregations at home.

Words like these—by which a whole million, not only of fellow-subjects, but of fellow-Christians, are in one short sentence branded as unworthy to be even hewers of wood and drawers of water to their conquerors—may possibly have had the desired effect of opening the Protestant purse-strings of Mr. Abel Smith's guests; but they should certainly never have proceeded from the mouth of such a man as Sir Herbert Edwardes. He has passed about a quarter of a century in India, and ought to be as well acquainted with its people as with those of his native Shropshire. He aspires, we say it to his honour, to be a shining light among his fellow-Christians, and it behoves him, therefore, to set an example of charity in his doings. But this is not the way with your military saints in India, or with your military saints anywhere. For some unexplained reason they are the very Orangemen of the Church Militant, and the mere mention of a Papist blinds their judgments and excites their evil passions like a red rag waved before a bull in the arena. Sir Herbert Edwardes is an officer of the Bengal army, and his services have been almost entirely confined to the Punjab; but we suppose he has landed at Madras, and perhaps been surprised at the skill and strength and courage with which he has been rowed through a raging surf that would have dashed into a thousand pieces the strongest boat which an English arsenal could supply. Had he taken the trouble to ask who the men

were that carried on so desperate a trade at all hours and in all seasons, he would have been told that they were one and all "Romanist Christians," descended from the very men whom St. Francis Xavier admitted to the fold in such a highly irregular manner. Every visitor to Bath or to Brighton or to Cheltenham—above all, every visitor to Southampton—is familiar with the sight of the race of *Ayaks*, whose very name has become a synonym for affection and fidelity. If Sir Herbert Edwardes were to make inquiries regarding the caste of these picturesque and estimable, though not very engaging, beings, we feel certain that four out of five would inform him that they also were "Romanist Christians." And it is not only as brave sailors and faithful domestics that these people are distinguished. Hyder Ali, who was no mean judge of soldierlike qualities, bestowed a higher rate of pay upon them than on any other class of his levies, and the distinction is still continued in the ranks of the local infantry of Mysore. If Sir Charles Napier, or Lord Gough, had been desired to point out the men whom they considered the very best Sepoys who ever bore arms, we believe we are not wrong in saying that both would have named the thickset, hardy, and black Madras Sapper; and he also is almost invariably a "Romanist Christian." In Northern and Southern Canara, and in the Western districts of Mysore, some of the very highest civil posts have been filled, and we suppose continue to be filled, by brown men with crucifixes round their necks, the ancestors of many of whom were converted in a much more summary style than was ever practised by the great "Romanist" apostle of the Gentiles, whose name appears to be such a stumbling-block of offence to Mr. Raikes and others of the Punjab school. It is worthy of note, too, as bearing directly on the point at issue, that these men were selected rather for their moral than their intellectual qualities, and the sort of remark which might constantly be heard regarding some one of them would be, "Well, perhaps after all he's not so bright, but then he is so thoroughly to be relied on." In further illustration of this characteristic it may be mentioned that, in 1837, when a Madras regiment, owing to no fault of its men or its officers, was withdrawn in unseemly haste from the station of Mangalore, the abandoned mess-plate was secreted from the insurgents, and restored in due time to its owners, by a domestic of this same "caste." When we read how Sir Herbert Edwardes dwells upon the fact of the representation of the Virgin being "blackened to suit the climate," we cannot help asking him whether anything can be more natural and beautiful than the feeling which is here indicated—a feeling, by the way, which a native of the West of Europe, who remembers the Madonnas of Murillo and Rubens and Sir Joshua Reynolds, should be the last person to be astonished at.

Whilst, however, we thus unhesitatingly challenge the truth of the sweeping charges which Sir Herbert Edwardes has thought fit to make against the Roman Catholic Christians of India, we have no wish to deny that the Protestant missionaries with whom he has himself been brought in contact are an "earnest, self-denying, conscientious body of men," or that their converts, "in the observance of Christian duty, and the value they set on Christian privileges, are far in advance of our congregations at home." At the same time we feel bound to add that the general voice of British India would pronounce that, in the matter of self-negation in particular, the French Catholic missionaries are at least their equals. In illustration of this a story has been related to us of the French bishop in one of the large stations of Southern India waiting upon a gentleman well-known for his absolute freedom from all sectarian prejudices, with a request for pecuniary aid towards re-roofing the residence of the Roman Catholic missionary. The natural question was, "Had the old roof fallen in or become leaky?" "Neither the one nor the other, but a new missionary has been appointed to the station, and he is so much taller than the last man that he cannot stand upright in the old house." As it so happened that, in that particular cantonment, the Protestant missionaries of the various denominations were far more sumptuously housed than the Majors and the Colonels, the striking picture of the humble abode of a Roman Catholic missionary which thus incidentally came to light was much spoken of at the time, and is still remembered by many.

We have now, we hope, said enough to induce Sir Herbert Edwardes to speak a little more guardedly when he next discourses on the Christians of India. The "Circular" of Colonel Fytche is of a very different nature, and, although doubtless based upon a closer knowledge of facts, is, from that very circumstance and from its official nature, far more ill-judged and mischievous than the speech of Sir Herbert Edwardes. Colonel Fytche, after a long career in the somewhat uninviting regions of Arracan and Burmah, was recently called away from England, to succeed Sir Arthur Phayre in the important post of Chief Commissioner of British Burmah. The nomination of a successor to so eminent a man is under no circumstances an easy matter. Had a similar vacancy occurred in any other part of India, it is most probable that a gentleman experienced in work of the same kind, but unconnected with the particular district, would have been named, and the disappointed local aspirant consoled by promotion elsewhere, as is constantly done in the European diplomatic service. It is seldom a good plan to promote a man over the heads of his old cronies and equals, but the language of Burmah and the customs of the people are so peculiar that a special training is required for every one who aspires to rule on the banks of the Irrawaddy, and the choice of a new Commissioner is practically limited to the assistants of the departing Head of the office. Colonel Fytche, whose promotion

appeared at first to give general satisfaction, is a near kinsman of the Laureate's, and has now published to all the world that "deep in yonder shining Orient" our countrymen are not disinclined to fall into the grooves indicated in some of the most vigorous lines of *Locksley Hall*:—

There the passions, cramp'd no longer, shall have scope and breathing space;  
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race:  
Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive and they shall run,  
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and shake their lances in the sun.

If the proceedings of the Burmese officials had been confined in their consequences to the introduction of such pleasing specimens of nephews and nieces into the domestic circles of England, Colonel Fytche tells us he would have had nothing to say on the subject; but in an evil moment for his own peace of mind it occurred to him, or to those under whose orders he is acting, that the practice was incompatible with the good government of the country, and, like Sir Peter Laurie with suicide, he resolved to "put it down." Now we feel bound to say the belief is general that some step in this direction was called for, and it must therefore be understood that it is with the manner of the interference, not with the interference itself, that we find fault. The knot which had gradually become tied round the domestic life of too many of the Burmese officials required the most delicate handling to disengage it, and it has been severed by a butcher's cleaver. Human nature is the same in all climates, and it will be readily admitted that there is no point on which men are so acutely sensitive as in the meddling with their most private domestic arrangements. At the same time, too, we can conceive nothing more certainly calculated to degrade an English gentleman in the eyes of natives than anything approaching to authoritative interference in such matters. How very differently would men like Sir John Malcolm or Sir Mark Cubbon, to whom the book of human nature had long lain open, have acted under similar circumstances! There would have been no "confidential circulars" communicated to the Calcutta press, threatening degradation and ruin, and inspiring hatred, recrimination, and defiance. An opportunity for a little quiet conversation would have been made or found; the injurious consequences of the subordinate's conduct would have been tenderly pointed out, and the young man would have gone away stung with sorrow and shame, and vowing that he would go through fire and water to serve a man who could take such a gentlemanlike and affectionate interest in his welfare. The cause of difference would then have been silently removed, and an excellent officer would have suffered no degradation, either in his own eyes or in the eyes of others. This is no imaginary picture which we are drawing, but a genuine photograph of what has many a time taken place; and had the present Chief Commissioner in Burmah kept such bright examples steadily before him, much shame and heartburning and actual mischief might have been spared to all concerned.

#### STAMFORDBRIDGE.

THE great octocentenary of last year ought not to be allowed wholly to thrust out of sight an event which happened only a few days sooner, and but for which the course of affairs in the greatest year of English history must have been altogether changed. It is hardly too much to say that the success of the invasion of William of Normandy was mainly rendered possible by the invasion made at the same moment by Harold Hardrada of Norway. This was of course one, and the greatest, of the many chances which favoured William and which William took into account; but the probability certainly is that, if England, and Harold of England, had not been distracted by two invasions at once, William could never have made good his landing on English ground. The campaign of September 1066 has thus a deep importance, simply in connexion with the campaign of October; it has also many points of deep importance in itself; and very few stories of warfare surpass it in picturesque and personal interest.

On the other hand, it is a campaign which, at first sight, presents no small difficulties in the way of understanding it. A magnificent tale, one of the noblest in the whole range of Northern poetry, history, or romance, has, in most men's minds, taken the place of the authentic history. Every child's book contains the famous answer of Harold of England, how his Norwegian namesake and rival should have no portion in England save seven feet of ground, or as much more as he was taller than other men. But it would be hard to lay one's hand on any trustworthy or intelligible account of the battle. A slight examination will show that the tale in Snorre's Saga of Harold Hardrada, the source from which the popular accounts come, is largely mythical. A glance at the map of Yorkshire shows that the writer, though seemingly familiar with the coast, utterly misconceived the geography of the immediate neighbourhood of York. A moment's thought shows that the description of the English army, strong in cavalry and archers, is due to a compiler of the thirteenth century, not to an original informant of the eleventh. The details of the battle must therefore be cast aside without mercy as simply mythical. At the same time the temptation which at once arises to throw away Snorre's narrative altogether as utterly untrustworthy, is a temptation which must be resisted. Further study and comparison shows that, if a great part be mythical, there are large historical elements in it also. Again, our own Chronicles seem at first sight meagre by comparison with the Saga, but if thoroughly examined, they will be found to be very rich in information. Oddly enough, the writer

nearest the scene of action, the Peterborough Chronicler, is the most meagre, while the most distant, he of Abingdon, seems to have been unusually well informed about the matter. One cannot resist Mr. Earle's suggestion that his story was taken down from the mouth of some Northumbrian visitor, who at last took up the pen, and added, in his own handwriting and in his own dialect, the one picturesque incident with which the Chronicle ends. Comparing together the Chronicles, the Saga, and some little stray bits of information which, as usual, turn up here and there, it seems not impossible to put together a consistent account of everything except the actual details of the battle. The details of the Saga being condemned, we can give no such account of the fall of Harold Hardrada and of Tostig by the banks of the Derwent as we can give of that of Gyrrh and Harold of England on the hill of Senlac. But a comparison of the narratives will enable us thoroughly to understand the campaign, and an examination of the spot will go far to enable us to realize, if not the details, yet certainly the general character of the battle itself. The visit of the Archaeological Institute to Kingston-on-Hull enabled more than one member of that body to go pretty thoroughly into the local features of the whole campaign, and we are thus able to set forth the general results of their investigations.

It must be remembered then that in September 1066, England was threatened by two enemies. William of Normandy was known to be preparing for an attack on the south, to make good his claims on the English Crown. King Harold had been making such exertions as were probably quite unparalleled in the warfare of that age, to keep the southern part of England well defended by land and sea. But the Duke delayed, provisions failed, and the King was at last obliged to disband a force to which nothing could have been more irksome than to be kept under arms and discipline without any hope of the enjoyments of fighting and plunder. The King retired to London, as a central point, from which he could go northwards or southwards as he was wanted. Meanwhile the Northern part of the Kingdom seems to have been left wholly to the care of its own Earls, Eadwine and Morkere, whose preparations were, to say the least, not so efficient as those of their royal brother-in-law in the South. The mingled host of Harold Hardrada, a host of his own Northmen, reinforced by Scots, Flemings, Icelanders, and Irish Danes, under the guidance of the traitor Tostig, came upon the land unawares. They passed along the shores of Yorkshire, ravaging as they went, meeting here and there with gallant local resistance, but finding no general preparation for defence. They entered the Humber and sailed up the Ouse; the English fleet seems not to have ventured to encounter them, but took refuge in the waters of the Wharf, near Tadcaster. At Riccall, a point about nine miles south of York, they landed and left their ships in the river. The road from their landing-place to York cuts off the windings of the stream, and forms a sort of causeway between the river and its then doubtless marshy banks on the one side and other low and doubtless marshy ground on the other. Along this road the Northmen marched. The danger of the capital at last aroused the Earls, who met them, at the head of the force of the country, at Gate Fulford, about two miles south of York. An obstinate action followed, in which the English were routed with great slaughter and driven back into York. This was on Wednesday, September 20th. We read of no actual attack on the city, but on the Sunday it capitulated. Harold of Norway was to be received as King, it being apparently his object to revive the great Northern Empire of Cnut, with England for its centre. The next day he was, it is said, to be put in formal possession of the government, and the men of Northumberland were to join him in a march against the south of England. Hostages for the city were exchanged, and other hostages for the whole shire were promised. These were to be delivered at Stamfordbridge, a point by some identified with the Roman Derwentio, lying on the Derwent about eight miles north-east of York. Thither the Norwegian host retired. The object of this movement is not very plain at first sight. The probable explanation is that the immediate neighbourhood of York could no longer support the army, while near Stamfordbridge was a royal house at Aldby, which would afford good quarters for the King, and be a fit place for the delivery of the hostages. The position of Stamfordbridge must be carefully borne in mind, as Snorre utterly confuses his whole story by fancying it to be close under the walls of York.

The spot itself is well marked. The old wooden bridge over the Derwent has given way to a stone one on a slightly different site; but the place of the old one is clearly seen, as also the stones which formed the still earlier means of crossing. The whole history of the place is written in the name Stán-ford-brycg. The river just at this point flows between two ranges of higher but flat ground, sloping down to the river. On the right bank, that towards York, the road from York keeps pretty level till a point called Gate Helmsley, whence there is a descent to Stamfordbridge. An army approaching from York would therefore not be visible till it had come within a mile or two of the spot. On the left bank a very slight ascent leads at once to the level ground still known as the Battleflats. It would seem that the Norwegian King and the greater part of his host were encamped on the left bank, the side of Aldby, but it is clear that, from whatever cause, a detachment at least must have found themselves on the left bank on the morning of Monday, September 25th, 1066.

That morning King Harold of England entered York. His march from London is one of the great marches of history, but it seems scarcely possible that even Harold, with all his



energy, could have accomplished such a march after the landing at Riccall. The news of the invasion must have been brought him while the Northmen were still ravaging the Yorkshire coast. But, at all events, Harold, on the Sunday evening, the very day of the capitulation of York, reached Tadcaster, the last stage on the old Roman road, locally known as the High Street. He came at the head of his Housecarls, the picked and tried soldiers of the standing force instituted by Cnut, strengthened by such of the general levies of the shires as he could press into his service during so hasty a march. On Monday morning York welcomed the deliverer, but he pressed on through the city, and came on the Norwegian host unawares. A comparison of the various accounts on the spot leads to the belief that the sudden approach of the English King found a part of the Northmen, unprepared and partly unarmed, on the right bank of the Derwent. Their resistance was of course ineffectual; they were driven into and across the river with great slaughter. But the main body on the other side had thus time to form in the accustomed array of the shield-wall. The English were further checked by the famous exploit of the one valiant Northman who kept the bridge, like Horatius or Wulfstan, against the whole army, till an Englishman went below the bridge in a boat and smote him from underneath. The English then pressed across the bridge, and the real stress of the battle began on the left bank. The fight was long and stoutly contested; the Northmen had now the advantage of position in their possession of the bank and in the slight slope down to the river. The English, however, made good their attack, and we may trust the local name of the Battle-flats as pointing out the site where the main struggle took place. It lies a little above the hamlet, between the newly built church and the railway. Here then the old arms and tactics of Teutonic England won their last victory. Harold of Norway and the traitor Tostig were slain; the Norwegian host seems to have been well nigh annihilated. Besides the slaughter done by the English axes, many were drowned in the river, and others perished, in some unexplained way, by fire. To the survivors who were left in charge of the ships at Riccall the King granted favourable terms. Harold's whole career is one of conciliation, and in this case nothing could be gained by any harsh measures, while generous treatment might possibly prove of some advantage. He returned to hold the victory-feast at York, and he was actually at the table when news was brought of the landing of a still more terrible enemy at Pevensey.

The great event of the place still lives in the remembrance of the inhabitants. The local tradition is clear, and in the main accurate. But it is odd to hear that the news of the approach of the Northmen was brought to Harold of England when *at a ball*. There is here an evident confusion with the news of the landing of William coming at the victory-feast; but there are also elements which clearly belong to Waterloo and not to Stamford-bridge. The battle is still commemorated by the local feast, still held on the nearest convenient day to the actual anniversary, and there are old people who still practise on that day the ancient ceremony of making "pear-boat-pies"—pies, that is, of pears, made in the form of a boat—to commemorate the deed of the Englishman who at last slew the valiant defender of the bridge.

#### THE NEW TRAFFIC ACT.

LONDON is undoubtedly a wonderful place, if some of its wonders are of a rather unpleasing kind. It is a great marvel, for example, that so enormous a crowd is provided by a spontaneous machinery with all that it wants—making allowance, that is, for a considerable number who get very little of what they want. Still the process by which our gigantic supplies of meat and drink and fuel are gathered up day by day, and distributed to every one who can pay for them, may give food for reflection to philosophic minds. Unluckily, we are well aware that there are a good many hitches in the business. There is a fearful waste of time and energy—to say nothing of bad language—which a little judicious organization might avert. No human—we might add, no angelic—temper could well stand a regular transit, say, from Pall Mall to the Eastern Counties Railway. Every step of the way is marked by some senseless obstruction which a little forethought might avert. The devious defiles through which a passage has to be forced have done more than most things to produce discontent with the blessings of the British Constitution. Somewhere about Smithfield, a person making the journey we have suggested becomes ripe for revolt; by the time he has got to Finsbury Square, he would be ready to applaud a successful *coup d'état*; and before he has emerged into Bishopsgate Street he is almost ready to propose himself as the Haussmann, if not the Napoleon, of London. He sympathizes with the Reform League, who at any rate broke down one obstruction, and doubts whether all the barricades of Paris can have done as much mischief as the permanent barriers round which the human tide of cockneys vainly frets and foams as it has done for years past. Rocks are worn away by currents, and torrents force new passages through ravines, whilst the London crowd sees itself unable to clear a passage, or to make better use of those that it has. For this is the "sorrow's crown of sorrow," that even the existing routes are uselessly blocked up. The huge van still calmly interposes itself in the midst of a stream of carriages, and probably gets firmly stranded at some dangerous corner. Vast waggons halt in mid-current, whilst gigantic packages are hauled by a complex machinery

of ropes and pulleys across the pavement, and the wretched foot-passengers are forced into the dangerous current that boils and eddies outside. Dark chasms are opened in the pavements at noon-day to engulf cataracts of coal or beer-barrels, till the driver, having received a few coppers from the customer, gratefully retires to the nearest public-house, leaving his charge fixed immovably in the street. Or the hurried passenger is stopped at the entrance of some mysterious cavern which slopes downwards from the Strand towards the river, till a long file of straining horses has emerged with a ponderous waggon, and perhaps swings round a long appendage of timber destined apparently to clear the streets by its resistless sway. Meanwhile "crawling cabs" meander aimlessly about, clogging the traffic, and occasionally cutting boldly across two or three lines of carriages to capture an anticipated fare. Lines of sandwich-men lounge philosophically along, summoning the careless worldling to a gigantic Wesleyan tea-party, or advertising the last new play or Mr. Mappin's wonderful razors. Dogs of independent position, but much in want of water, dart playfully hither and thither amongst the legs of the crowd; and human beings of scarcely more reputable appearance thrust little advertisements, not always of the most delicate kind, into the hand of the passer-by. In short, it would require a Macaulay of the twentieth century to do justice to the obstructions which still encumber our streets without any particular justification. For it is evident that by a little intelligent organization many of these evils might be avoided. The difficulties which result from the mixture of heavy and light traffic are in great part avoidable by a few simple police regulations.

It is therefore a subject for congratulation that the omniscient body for which nothing is too great or too small has managed to turn a fraction of its attention to this subject. Parliament, which has turned England into a democracy by a single Act, has also done something to save the toes and temper of Londoners. Of course too much must not be expected. The august assembly upon whose fiat the future history of the nation was depending could not apply too much time and care to regulations about vans and mad dogs. The measure which was originally proposed has necessarily been somewhat modified and pared down in its passage. The pressure which Parliament had leisure to apply was not sufficient to crush the opposition of some of the vested interests concerned, and they could not receive that amount of consideration which might perhaps have discovered a way to reconcile them. As has been observed on occasions of more importance, the proposal to forbid any practices was met by the assertion that those practices were part of the everlasting order of nature. The obstacles in the way of any possible change were either represented as insuperable, or, in the case of humbler interests, there was a melancholy appeal *ad misericordiam*. To avert any interference with the unfortunate sandwich-men we were told that a change would throw 2,000 men out of employment; and, still more touching, that when one of the men heard they were stopped, he fell down in a fit and died in the street. Let us hope that these unlucky members of society, most of whom, we are told, have seen better days, may be treated mercifully by the Commissioner of Police, who will henceforth determine what advertisements of the kind are lawful. Doubtless the only thing a man can do to wring our bosoms when he has stooped to sandwich-carrying is to die. But we were threatened with more formidable opposition. A coal-merchant informed the Lords' Committee that the proposed restraints upon the hours of delivering coals would be found impracticable on account of the "pig-headedness" of his men. Rather than submit to regulation, they would turn their waggons loose upon the street, and leave those interesting derelicts to the care of the police. Perhaps even the pig-headedness of the British coalheaver may give way in time to the action of the law. A timber-merchant, however, appealed to a more stubborn force. When asked whether he could not send out his long timber at earlier hours, he said that his customers would not stand dictation, and that if the law were enforced, he would have to "stand the racket of it," and rather thought that he should "back out of the timber trade." Now as builders must get timber, and as they have not yet pronounced themselves superior to the law, we fancy that in the long run they might be induced to submit, even though the timber trade were deprived of one distinguished member by the racket which his customers excited. Doubtless the consumers might ultimately have to pay, in this as in other cases, for the convenience which would be acquired by them and the public at large. And it is evident that a prohibition of any system of traffic that has grown up must cause a good deal of inconvenience until new arrangements have been made, if not permanently. It is, of course, a troublesome necessity that coals should be delivered only at night, which will involve a certain amount of sitting up on the part of householders and their servants, and a greater staff of men to execute the same work within a shorter period. Still coals will certainly be got somehow or other, in spite of legislative obstacles, and the only question is whether the clearance of the streets is worth the extra trouble. The more reasonable witnesses fully admit the necessity, and even the convenience to themselves, of certain regulations; and the Bill in its final state certainly does not seem to err on the side of stringency. The provisions, indeed, seem to be dictated by common sense, and the only question is how many supplements will be required.

The main provisions are as follows, and we do not imagine that any one not specially interested to the contrary will doubt their propriety, or the possibility of arranging the traffic so as to meet them. Within what are called "the general limits"—that is,

within four miles of Charing Cross—scavenging is to be permitted only from 7 P.M. to 10 A.M.; goods are only to be allowed to rest in a street for such a time "as may be absolutely necessary"; cattle are only to be driven between the same hours of 7 P.M. and 10 A.M.; omnibuses are to draw up as close as may be to the near side of the roadway, and advertisements are to be subject to the regulations made by the Commissioner of Police. Certain streets to be named from time to time by the Commissioner of Police, with the approval of a Secretary of State, of which due notice is to be given, are said to be within "the special limits," and in regard to them greater powers are given. The routes to be taken by the through traffic, and the line to be kept by persons riding and driving, may be laid down by the police authorities. No coal is to be delivered across the footway except between 6 P.M. and 10 A.M., nor any casks to be drawn across it by ropes or machinery; and vehicles exceeding certain dimensions or drawn by more than four horses are to be excluded between 7 P.M. and 10 A.M.

Besides these rules as to traffic, cabs are to carry lamps, dogs to be muzzled after a notice has been put out; there are to be licenses for commissionaires and shoeblacks, and betting in the streets is to be put down. The cabs are to be compensated for the expense of carrying a lamp by having the legal minimum of fare raised to a shilling. Several proposed alterations have dropped out of the Act, amongst which we may specially regret the attempt to provide for the licensing of a better class of cabs. But, on the whole, it seems clear that these rules, if properly enforced, will do something towards lightening the traffic in our streets, and removing the more conspicuous nuisances from them. Some regulations are already legal, but have failed to be carried out for want of a proper machinery. The police have now power to interfere summarily, and we can only hope that they will do it to good effect.

## REVIEWS.

### MEMOIRS OF M. GUIZOT.\*

THIS eighth and last volume of M. Guizot's Memoirs brings them down to the close of his own Ministry, and of the reign of Louis Philippe. It would be impossible for such a volume from his pen to be other than deeply interesting. A mere enumeration of the subjects it deals with, and on which he must necessarily have much information to give which could be given by no one else, is enough to show this. We have chapters on Parliamentary Government as M. Guizot understood it, on the Spanish Marriages, the War of the Sonderbund, Italy at the commencement of Pius IX.'s reign, and "the Fall of the Ministry of October 29, 1840," which immediately preceded the Revolution of 1848, and, as we are left to infer, occasioned it and assured its success. At the same time the book is not exactly pleasant reading. M. Guizot is too near the events which he relates, and was too intimately bound up with them, to be able to form the same profound and philosophical estimate which makes his *History of Civilization* one of the most suggestive works on mediæval Europe. Yet he lacks either the art or the geniality of mind which would give to his narrative the personal interest of an autobiography. There is no warmth of colouring, and an entire absence of humour. And the quiet egotism, the feeling *quorum pars magna fui*, which predominates throughout, and which perhaps could hardly have been avoided, is not the more pleasing because it is so haughtily unobtrusive. Then, again, the doctrinaire tone, and the almost pedantic display of a studied impartiality, however sincere—and we are far from questioning its sincerity—becomes somewhat oppressive. In pronouncing judgment on opinions and policies which he disapproves, M. Guizot is outspoken enough; but while it is generally pretty clear what he thinks about persons who disagreed with him, he is painfully anxious to make us understand that he does not wish to condemn them. He cannot even speak of the outbreak on the evening of February 23, which was the beginning of the Revolution, without adding, in a parenthesis, that he declines to say whether it was fortuitous or criminal. Of personal anecdotes there is of course an abundance, but they are drily told, and there is too little of a connecting thread to give any historic unity to the mass of facts minutely detailed during the last eight years of the monarchy of Louis Philippe. Still, with all these drawbacks, it is an exceedingly interesting book.

M. Guizot considers it to be the fundamental distinction of a free government, such as that of England or America, that it employs not agents but associates—or, as he elsewhere says, not mere animated machines—in carrying out its policy. Parliamentary government under a limited monarchy he holds to be one form of free government, and that best suited to France as well as to England. But his idea of the monarchical functions in such a system is not quite the same as that practically accepted among ourselves. He protests most emphatically against the maxim that "the King reigns but does not govern," which is tantamount to inferring, from "the King can do no wrong," that the King can do nothing. The throne is not an arm-chair with a King placed upon it, but a seat occupied by a free and intelligent person with his own ideas and wishes. Ministers change, but the King remains,

and is therefore a factor every Ministry must reckon with. And M. Guizot illustrates this from the relations of George II., George III., and William IV. with their respective Ministers. As regards George III. he is of course entirely right, but then George III. was hardly a constitutional king in the modern sense of the term. Practically, however, he insists that King Louis Philippe always succumbed to the wishes of his Cabinet in the last resort, though a different impression has very generally, and very plausibly, prevailed. That it was very difficult to carry on the machinery of government under these conditions in France seems to have been all along clearer to the King than to his Minister, who describes himself as an optimist by natural disposition. "A Liberal government," the King observed to him one day in a private conversation, "is very difficult in the face of absolutist traditions and the spirit of revolution"—a remark fully justified by the event. The causes which led to the overthrow of the Orleans dynasty are not very distinctly indicated here, but the Opposition of 1848 is divided into a party loyal to the monarchy, and a party really, though not avowedly, republican. M. Guizot professes not to have attached much importance to the particular reforms demanded at the time, and he admits that a sensible Government ought sometimes to make reforms, only it should never announce them beforehand. To yield in the then situation of affairs he thought would be an act of dangerous cowardice and a betrayal of conservative interests; and he accordingly tendered his resignation when the King was no longer prepared to sanction a decided line of action. That his continuance in office would have arrested the catastrophe is not expressly affirmed, but is evidently his own belief. He is far, however, from thinking that the Government of 1830 has bequeathed no permanent benefits to France. On the contrary, he ascribes to the spirit it had fostered the success of the Republic which superseded it, and we suppose, by implication, of the Empire. In securing the rights of liberty and of public safety, and promoting the progress and welfare of all classes of the community, it showed that it comprehended its mission, and achieved a work which has outlived its fall. Of the King himself M. Guizot speaks with a respect which is unmistakably genuine, and something as near affection as is consistent with his habitual coldness of tone. After repudiating the notion that the King ruled independently of the wishes of his Cabinet, he proceeds to account for it as follows:—

Il avait sur toutes choses une surabondance d'idées, d'impressions, de vellétés qu'il ne prenait pas soin de contenir, et, pour ainsi dire, de tamiser, assez sévèrement: ce qui l'entraînait à manifester trop d'avis et de desirs dans de petites questions et de petites affaires qui ne méritaient pas son intervention. L'indifférence et le silence sont souvent d'utiles et convenables habiletés royales; le roi Louis-Philippe n'en faisait pas assez d'usage. Il était de plus si profondément convaincu de la sagesse de sa politique et de l'importance de son succès pour le bien du pays qu'il lui en coûtait d'en voir attribuer à d'autres le mérite, et qu'il ne pouvait se résoudre à n'en pas revendiquer hautement sa part. Ce désir bien naturel et l'invincible fécondité et vivacité de sa conversation lui donnaient des airs d'ingérence continue et de prépondérance exclusive qui dépassaient de beaucoup la réalité de ses intentions et des faits, aussi bien que les convenances constitutionnelles. Je suis convaincu que son genre, le roi Léopold, infiniment plus prudent et plus réservé dans son attitude et son langage, a exercé dans le gouvernement de la Belgique au dedans et au dehors, plus d'influence personnelle que le roi Louis-Philippe dans celui de la France; mais l'un en évitait avec soin l'apparence, tandis que l'autre se montrait toujours préoccupé de la crainte que justice ne fût pas rendue à ses desseins et à ses efforts.

And with this passage may be compared the concluding summary of his master's character and reign:—

Jamais prince n'a été plus sincèrement convaincu que la politique qu'il avait adoptée était la meilleure, la seule bonne pour son pays et pour le régime qu'il avait été appelé à fonder dans son pays. Resté, comme dans sa jeunesse, libéral et patriote de 1789, à ses yeux cette politique consacrait et mettait en pratique les principes de 1789, en mettant fin aux entraînements et aux aveuglements révolutionnaires qui, tantôt sous la forme de l'anarchie, tantôt sous celle du despotisme, les avaient faussés et compromis. Il la regardait comme aussi essentiellement pour l'influence et la grandeur de la France en Europe que pour sa prospérité et ses progrès à l'intérieur. Il l'avait pratiquée de concert avec les grands pouvoirs constitutionnels, sous le feu des libertés publiques, en usant de ses droits constitutionnels, mais sans jamais croire ni vouloir les dépasser. Il avait courageusement sacrifié, au maintien de cette politique, un bien qui lui était cher et doux, les démonstrations empressées et le bruit flatteur de la popularité. Et après dix-sept années de ces efforts et de ce sacrifice, il se voyait méconnu, mal compris, non-seulement attaqué par les factions ennemies, mais harassé, délaissé par une portion de ces classes moyennes qui étaient son principal point d'appui. Aux bruyantes agitations dans la garde nationale se joignaient les dissentiments respectueux, mais réels, dans la famille royale. Sous l'atteinte de ces faits réunis, le roi était profondément triste et perplexe, résigné aux déplaisirs et aux difficultés qu'il prévoyait, décidé à n'y opposer que ses moyens légaux de concession ou de résistance, mais accessible à ces troubles momentanés, à ces résolutions soudaines qui surgissent dans les âmes fatiguées des longues luttres et dégoûtées des perspectives obscures. Ni la persévérance ni l'espérance n'étaient pourtant éteintes dans l'âme du roi Louis-Philippe; soit par nature, soit par son expérience des vicissitudes et des réactions qui se succèdent dans les révolutions, il était de ceux qui pensent que, pour retrouver de bonnes chances et une bonne veine, il suffit de savoir survivre et attendre. En 1848, sa lassitude était extrême; il fléchissait sous son fardeau, et, pour le porter plus loin, il avait besoin de reprendre haleine; mais je suis convaincu qu'au milieu de ses mécomptes et de son découragement, il était loin de désespérer de son propre avenir, et que, tout en acceptant les lois du régime constitutionnel, il se promettait d'y reprendre l'influence qu'il croyait nécessaire pour faire légalement prévaloir la politique qu'il croyait indispensable au bien de son pays et au salut de son trône. Les hommes ne lui en ont pas laissé le temps; Dieu ne lui en a pas accordé la faveur.

Our own inference from these passages, and from other portions of the volume, would be that the King certainly meant to direct his own policy, and expected his Ministers, not of course to be mere machines without a will of their own, but to give a willing and intelligent

\* *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps.* Par M. Guizot. Tome 8. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1867.



adhesion to the course he had determined on, after full consideration of their advice, but still reserving the final determination to himself. There was, perhaps, on both sides some jealousy of interference. It seems that M. Guizot every day sent the despatches of foreign representatives to the King, who returned them with his own observations, but that he never showed the King his instructions to the foreign agents of the French Government, except in cases of great importance, or when the King specially asked for them. And he quotes three letters from the King, asking, as a personal favour, for the perusal of particular despatches. M. Guizot's correspondence occasionally reveals a littleness of mind which we were not prepared for, and which in a statesman of his calibre it is both unpleasant and perplexing to meet with. The irritation and fussiness—there is no other word for it—of his reiterated complaints about the reception of the Duke of Bordeaux (Henry V.) in London, and the homage accorded to him by some of the French Legitimists, is, to say the least, extremely undignified. Nor can we see any ground for his insinuations against the English Court of intriguing to procure the throne of Spain for a cousin of Prince Albert's. There is something about all this in the Minister of the first French King who reigned by the will of the people, and not "by the grace of God," that rather reminds us of the touchiness often exhibited in private life by a man whose social position is not quite assured, and who is always standing upon his rights.

The longest and most interesting chapter in the volume is on the Spanish marriages; but we do not see anything in it, full as it is of detailed information, to excuse the discreditable character of the transaction of which M. Guizot affects a serene unconsciousness. He takes great credit to France for supporting the claims of Queen Isabella, notwithstanding the danger to French interests of a female succession transferring the throne of Spain to a foreign house, and for recognising the principle of non-intervention. This is an odd preface to the history of a singularly meddlesome policy, consistently carried on for thirteen years to its intended dénouement, with the express object of retaining the Spanish throne in the hands of the Bourbons. It may be true, as M. Guizot insists, that King Louis-Philippe did not scheme for the aggrandizement of his own family, and had no wish that Queen Isabella should marry the Duke of Anjou, though he was more than willing to unite a younger son to her sister. But it was proclaimed from the first, as a fundamental axiom of French diplomacy, that the Queen should not be allowed to marry any but a Bourbon prince. On that point there was to be no mistake. "We cannot allow any prince on the throne of Madrid who is not of the House of Bourbon," are M. Guizot's own words. He admits that this policy was throughout pursued with unflinching perseverance, with a total disregard for the personal wishes of the young Queen, and no further regard for the interests of Spain than so far as they were assumed to be identical with the interests of France. Indeed, when the Neapolitan alliance was found impracticable, and a change of Ministry in England made it desirable, in the opinion of the French Cabinet, to press matters to an immediate conclusion, the marriage of the Queen with the Duke of Cadiz was urged in a despatch of M. Guizot's which contains the distinct record of her personal dislike to him, and of her mother's disinclination to constrain her. It is a little disingenuous of M. Guizot to complain, in a subsequent despatch, of Lord Palmerston pointing out Don Henriquez, the Duke's younger brother, as the proper person, on the ground that the French Government had never wished, within the prescribed limits, to suggest one candidate more than another. He had urgently insisted, only the month before, on the claims of a candidate whom he knew to be displeasing to the Queen. Nor do we see any such substantial difference between the attitude of Lord Aberdeen and that of Lord Palmerston towards this question as is represented by M. Guizot. He thinks that the suit of Prince Leopold, a younger cousin of Prince Albert, was favoured by the Courts of England and Lisbon, and secretly also by the King of the Belgians. But his real ground of accusation against the English Government is not that its policy was hostile, but that it was "inert" and "neutral"; in other words, that it desired, as Lord Aberdeen constantly repeated, to leave the Spanish nation and Government free to decide a question which principally concerned themselves. This is precisely what the French King and his Minister were resolved to prevent, and succeeded in preventing. We do not think the verdict of history on their conduct and its natural consequences will be materially affected by anything that is here said in explanation of it. M. Guizot takes the opportunity of paying a graceful tribute to the memory of Lord Aberdeen, of whom he always speaks in the highest terms, and quotes a letter of Prince Albert to the Bishop of Oxford to the same effect. One very curious anecdote of M. Olozaga's dealings with the Queen of Spain is stated on the authority of the Duke of Glücksburg, and we give it in his own words. It is one of the few really striking anecdotes contained in the volume:—

Hier matin, en allant prendre l'ordre, le général Narvaez demanda à la reine, qu'il trouva fort agitée, si elle avait accepté la démission du général Serrano. Sa Majesté répondit que non, mais qu'elle avait signé, et signé de force, un décret qu'elle regrettait amèrement. Le général lui demanda lequel; elle répondit: "Celui de la dissolution des Cortès." Le général la pria alors d'expliquer ce qu'elle venait de dire et la violence dont elle avait été l'objet. Sa Majesté lui raconta que la veille, à neuf heures du soir, M. Olozaga était entré dans son cabinet et lui avait présenté un décret en la priant de le signer. Elle lui avait demandé ce que c'était; il lui avait répondu:—La dissolution des Cortès.—Elle s'était écriée:—Je n'ose pas signer cela.—M. Olozaga avait vivement insisté: elle avait

vivement persisté dans son refus, et avait fini par se lever pour sortir. M. Olozaga s'était alors élancé et avait fermé une porte; elle avait voulu gagner la seconde, il l'avait immédiatement fermée; elle était alors revenue à son bureau et s'était assise en croisant les bras; il s'était approché d'elle, lui avait passé le bras autour de la taille et lui avait dit en souriant:—Oh! Votre Majesté voudra bien signer.—Elle avait répondu négativement, et alors il lui avait pris le bras avec force et, lui mettant une plume dans la main, il lui avait dit:—Il faut que Votre Majesté signe.—Elle avait eu peur et avait signé.

M. Olozaga himself contradicts the whole story, and gives an entirely different version of what had occurred. M. Guizot, with his habitual assumption of frigid reserve, declines to offer any opinion as to which version is true.

#### ABD-EL-KADER.\*

THERE could not be a finer subject for a military writer than the life of Abd-el-Kader. This famous soldier was not only brave, active, enterprising, and indefatigable, but he was during many years the cause that these military qualities abounded in the French armies. The names of Cavaignac, Lamoricière, Changarnier, Bedeau, and Pelissier owe their celebrity to the conflicts in which the whole power of France contended against the African tribes who followed the standard of Abd-el-Kader. It would be extravagant to represent these generals as soldiers of the Cross, but their adversary owed his influence to the fact that he was the enthusiastic champion of the Crescent.

The book which Colonel Churchill, with the assistance of Abd-el-Kader, has produced, is scarcely worthy, as we think, either of the events which it describes or of the chief actor in them. During nearly forty years the arms of France would have rusted in almost unbroken peace if they had not been exercised in the strife which was kindled by the religious zeal of Abd-el-Kader. The siege of Bhurtore, the disasters and subsequent triumph of Cabul, the rude assaults by which the Sikhs shook the foundations of our power in the East—these were only a few of the vicissitudes through which our armies passed in the interval between Waterloo and Inkermann. But to the French their only school of military virtue was Algeria, and their only schoolmaster was Abd-el-Kader. So long as he was in arms his enemies knew no repose; since he laid down his arms his repose has been unbroken. There was a good deal of theatrical making-up in a personage who wielded the peculiar influence of Abd-el-Kader, and this side of his character receives, to say the least, full justice at the hands of his biographer. If there is anywhere an enterprising manager who desires to produce in the circus such a piece as we used to see with rapture at Astley's when we were young, we should strongly advise that manager to apply to Colonel Churchill for permission to dramatize his book. "Mounted on a jet-black steed—a colour he especially affected, as generally accompanied by superior equine qualities, and as throwing into relief the whiteness of his burnous"—there can be no doubt that the theatrical representative of the Emir would be "the cynosure of every eye" in boxes, pit, and gallery, and would considerably astonish the weak minds of nursery-maids and children. We do not doubt that Abd-el-Kader was handsome, elegant, and skilful in all exercises, as well as an astute politician and an enterprising general; and we are obliged to believe, on the authority of Colonel Churchill, that he was vain of his good looks and graceful person. He would not be by any means the first soldier of distinction who has been particular about the cut and colour of his clothes; but then the Emir's strongest characteristic was his religious zeal, and although we have had fanatics among ourselves, it is difficult to call to mind a fanatic who employed a Bond Street tailor. If we are to accept the picture which is presented to us of Abd-el-Kader's youth, it shows a remarkable combination of all the graces of mind and body, of all the knowledge which is acquired in seclusion, and all the accomplishments which can only be learned in company. At fourteen years of age he knew the Koran by heart, and he had a class in the family mosque where he explained the difficult passages of the commentators. At seventeen he was conspicuous for strength and agility. As an equestrian none approached him, and the turf was his peculiar element. If one were to invent a hero whose youth should present a combination of the early history of Mr. Spurgeon with that of "the Squire" Mr. Osbaldeston, the result would be something like that which is produced by Colonel Churchill's book. Nevertheless such a compound of qualities, although the idea of it in an Englishman may be ludicrous, is doubtless conceivable among Oriental races. It is perhaps possible among ourselves to find a youth of whom it might be truly said that "on his return from his sporting excursions he betook himself to his studies with renewed ardour"; but in general the wearers of scarlet coats do not excel in the schools or the Senate-house, and although one might find at the covert-side a man who, for the sake of a B.A. degree, had made himself tolerably familiar with the text of the Bible, we should be sorry to put our money on that man as an expositor of Holy Writ. It seems that in Algeria the nobility is divided into two classes, one of which depends for its influence upon religion, while the other seeks popularity by devoting itself to field-sports and forays. Abd-el-Kader combined the two forms of excellence, being as fervent in prayer as he was eager in the race and in the chase. Perhaps

\* *The Life of Abd-el-Kader, ex-Sultan of the Arabs of Algeria, written from his own Dictation, and compiled from other authentic Sources.* By Colonel Churchill, Author of "Ten Years' Residence in Mount Lebanon," "Druzes and Maronites under Turkish Rule," &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1867.

if he had been an Englishman he might best have been described as a compound of the qualities of Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Stamford, and as deserving to adorn by his exploits the pages at once of the *Record* and of *Bell's Life*.

The father of Abd-el-Kader, desiring to complete his character for sanctity, made a pilgrimage to Mecca, in which his son, who was now eighteen years of age, accompanied him. Returning to the "Ketna," a family village in the province of Oran, the son betook himself to a life of study and religious meditation. "No worldly aspirations agitated his breast. He scorned the allurements of ambition." Colonel Churchill gives a catalogue of books studied at this time, for which his authority is, we suppose, the student. It includes "the works of Plato, Pythagoras, Aristotle, treatises by the most famous authors of the Arabian Caliphates," &c. But the French invasion of Algeria in 1830 called Abd-el-Kader from his books and his prayers to the business of politics and war. The French displaced the Turkish governors of the sea-coast towns, and thus whatever control those governors had exercised over the Arab tribes of the interior was terminated. To put an end to the anarchy which ensued it was necessary for the Arabs either to invoke French interference or to place themselves under a native ruler. They appealed to the father of Abd-el-Kader, and he referred them to his son. The name of Abd-el-Kader was received with loud shouts of applause. His character, his personal appearance, his manly bearing, his tried gallantry, all combined to win popular support. The tribes sought a king in the old sense of the word—one who could combat foreign aggression and domestic faction—and they found such a king in Abd-el-Kader. He was their judge, their general, and their prophet. He preached with fervid eloquence on the day of his election until the sun went down. He reproached his hearers with the sins by which they had polluted the land and provoked Heaven's judgments, and he called them to expiate their sins by joining in the holy war which he preached against the infidel, and by emulating the glorious martyrs of the true faith. The zeal of Abd-el-Kader was kindled at the same flame with that which carried the standards of the Prophet from Arabia to Spain, and the tribes to whom he preached were of the same inflammable material as of old. It is to be regretted that the author brings some ridicule upon his hero by telling us how, after the ceremony of election, Abd-el-Kader "snatched a hasty meal, and shut himself up in a small room" to dictate a proclamation. But although this election of Abd-el-Kader to an Arabian Caliphate presents some of the elements of a burlesque, it was, as the French found to their cost, a stern reality. He says that the tribes who had elected him had pledged themselves "to obey him in success and in distress, in prosperity and in adversity, and to consecrate their persons, their sons, and their properties to the great and holy cause"; and he had imposed on those tribes, as the condition of his acceptance of the supreme power, "the duty of conforming in all their actions to the holy precepts of the book of God." Abd-el-Kader at the time of his election was twenty-five years old.

The French were soon made aware of the strength of the enemy against whom henceforward their campaigns in Africa must be made. General Desmichels had taken the fortress of Mostaganem. Abd-el-Kader presented himself before this fortress, and led an unsuccessful assault upon it. Desmichels seized the opportunity of his adversary being thus engaged to send an expedition against certain tribes which were co-operating with Abd-el-Kader. The men of these tribes were surprised and routed by the French. They left their flocks and herds, their women and children, to the enemy. At this moment Abd-el-Kader, who had divined his adversary's intention, arrived, stayed the routed tribes, and led them with fresh courage against the French. The tide of battle turned and flowed impetuously backward. The French artillery alone kept the pursuing enemy in check. The sun blazed over head, and the Arab horsemen, outstripping the French, kindled the dry herbs and brushwood of the country which they must traverse in retreat. The soldiers, retarded by the wounded, whom they would not abandon, had to tread on cinders and wade through flame. The garrison of Oran, advancing to the rescue, alone preserved the column from annihilation. Abd-el-Kader returned to Mostaganem, and again attempted to carry it by assault. But the most brilliant courage can hardly capture a walled town without artillery. The Arabs were attacking a fort near the sea. A French brig galled them by its fire. The Arabs stripped, swam off, holding their muskets above their heads, and attempted to board the brig. They were driven off. The final assault upon the place was made with a determination worthy of such troops under such a leader. But French discipline prevailed over the fierce fanaticism of the Arabs, and Abd-el-Kader raised the siege. He could not storm a fortress with his cavalry, but in the plains no French force could successfully contend with it. He wrote to General Desmichels, "When you march two days beyond the walls of Oran I hope we shall behold each other; and then it will be seen which of us will remain master of the field." A French column did advance into the plains in answer to this challenge, and it was driven back by Abd-el-Kader within the walls of Oran. The French now proposed peace upon the terms that they should keep the sea-coast towns, and the Prince of the Faithful, Abd-el-Kader, should rule the inland country. And a treaty was made accordingly.

Under this treaty, which was made in 1834, peace subsisted between the French and Abd-el-Kader for eighteen months. Count d'Erlon, the Governor of Algeria, was persuaded to regard the Emir's power as a means by which French influence in Africa

might be propagated. But General Trezel, who now commanded at Oran, resisted the growth of that power to the uttermost. Certain tribes desiring French protection against Abd-el-Kader, a column marched to their assistance, and was attacked and defeated by his troops. The French retreated first on Oran and afterwards on Arzew. The activity of the Emir closed both routes against them, and the column was surrounded and almost destroyed in the defile of the Macta. Marshal Clausel, who succeeded Count d'Erlon as Governor, marched from Oran to Mascara, which Abd-el-Kader had made his capital, defeating the Emir in a pitched battle on the route. But, having penetrated to Mascara, there was nothing to be done by the French but to return. Their active enemy immediately collected a force of cavalry and harassed the retreat, which was made more miserable by severe cold. Clausel made another march to Tlemcen, and fought in the environs of that town a ten days' battle with Abd-el-Kader, who, warned by his late defeat, did not attempt to imitate the movements of regular troops, but fighting in the native manner triumphed. Clausel, after this failure, left Captain Cavaignac with a garrison in the citadel of Tlemcen, and returned to Oran, being harassed to its very gates by Abd-el-Kader. After this time General Bugeaud commanded in Oran, and he made with Abd-el-Kader the treaty of the Tafna, by which the Emir was confirmed in the possession of two-thirds of Algeria. Abd-el-Kader now proceeded to execute the magnificent design which he had formed of founding in Algeria an independent and civilized Arabian State which should revive the glories, both military and peaceful, of the early Caliphs. As the seaports of the country were held by the French, it seems tolerably clear that this design could not under any circumstances have been fulfilled. But if Abd-el-Kader had been more moderate in his proceedings it is possible that the French would not have interfered with them in the time and the manner that they did. Indeed, there seems to have been among the French officers a sincere admiration of the Emir's character, and one of them begged him at this time not to be presumptuously confident. It is probable, also, that experienced generals had some notion of what it would cost France in blood and treasure to subdue Abd-el-Kader, or, in honour, to leave him unsubdued. But disputes arose as to the construction of Bugeaud's treaty, and after many efforts at arrangement Abd-el-Kader took his resolution to declare war.

The struggle thus commenced lasted for eight years. It drained heavily the resources and tasked to the uttermost the military skill and endurance of the mighty Power which was thus challenged by a younger son of the chief of a wandering tribe of Arabs. The French showed their usual readiness in adapting themselves to the circumstances of this war, and when they had thoroughly perfected the system of moveable columns which they perceived to be essential to success, that success was not far distant. Abd-el-Kader had formed a judicious plan of building forts which should be at once a barrier against the French and a check upon the turbulent tribes who only fitfully acknowledged his supremacy. To take and hold these forts was the object of many an expedition in which French columns toiled over burning plains surrounded by Arab horsemen, or struggled through mountain passes assailed on all sides by the fiercer Kabyles, whose independence had never yielded except to the ascendancy of Abd-el-Kader's genius. The defences of these mountain forts against ceaseless attacks and under extreme privation reflect undying honour on the French arms; but what can we say that shall adequately commemorate the swiftness and audacity of him by whom the utmost efforts of those arms were so often eluded or repulsed? We read that in the previous war "at Tlemcen Cavaignac was buying cats for his table at forty francs a head." Abd-el-Kader had his full share of internal troubles, besides his quarrels with the French. The tribes over which he ruled objected to pay tribute. They had paid it to the Turks, and as a Turkish Pasha kept perhaps a hundred wives it was evident that he must have money for their expenses. "But what," they asked, "did Abd-el-Kader want with money? He had only one wife. His days and nights, when not at war, were spent in study and prayer." It may have been that Abd-el-Kader pushed too rapidly his attempts to render his people civilized, manufacturing, commercial, learned, peaceful, and religious. Certainly he got no good from imitating the European discipline in part of his army, which was drilled and dressed after a French model. The irrepressible tailorism of the author of this book appears in a description of the uniform of these troops, which may be read by those who like it. Abd-el-Kader soon learned the folly of fighting the French in their own way, and he trusted thenceforward to the desert horseman and the mountaineer. He wrote to one of his lieutenants when war was imminent, "Tighten your waistband, and be ready for everything. . . . Above all, learn patience." In November, 1839, he wrote to Marshal Valée, who was then Governor of Algeria, "Be prepared. All the Mussulmans declare the holy war." Then the Arabs and the Kabyles swept the cultivated plains, and carried terror and devastation to the walls of the sea-coast towns. But the French generals now understood, and prepared for, the peculiar contest which awaited them. Abd-el-Kader had built a redoubt in the mountains, around which he declared that the French army should find its grave. Three columns advanced by three different passes to assault this redoubt. "To the astonishment of the Arabs, the French, leaving the road, came vaulting over the steep. Ravines, woods, and rocks were all equally mastered by them." The French columns now converged. Abd-el-Kader was within the fort. Lamoricière and

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Changarnier were without. After a struggle worthy of such leaders the tricolour waved on the highest summit of the Atlas. Another memorable exploit was the relief of the beleaguered French garrisons in Medea and Miliana. "This dangerous task was entrusted to Changarnier, who accomplished it with consummate skill and daring, whilst his troops were running a gauntlet of fire." With the year 1841 began the real and decisive struggle. The French hoped to finish it in a few months. It lasted for six years. Bugeaud, who now commanded in chief, had at his disposal 85,000 men. He adopted tactics suitable to the circumstances. "Moveable columns winding in various directions obliged Abd-el-Kader to disseminate his forces, and kept him dubious and uncertain. Heavy baggage and heavy ordnance were abandoned. Recesses hitherto unapproachable became accessible. Even the commissariat was dispensed with." It was Lamoricière who said, "The Arabs carry no provisions, why should we?" He took the field for a month, trusting to the eyes of his men sharpened by hunger to discover the *alios* or subterranean magazines of the Arabs. Yet, with all the military skill and enthusiasm of the French, they almost shrank from the task before them. At the close of the year 1841 Bugeaud had to report that of 60,000 men he had only 4,000 fit for duty. In marches and counter-marches, incessant fighting, blasting heat, and biting cold, his army had nearly vanished away. His task could only be performed, if at all, by the ceaseless activity of his troops. The tribes which adhered to Abd-el-Kader were to be subjected to constant and unsparring *razzias*. Everything in the nature of a permanent establishment of the enemy was to be destroyed, and Abd-el-Kader was to be pushed back by continual pressure into the wilds of the Sahara. The French undertook this task, and they performed it. Of the means whereby they attained success humanity cannot think without a shudder. It is better not to inquire particularly what is meant by the term *razzia*. The French got what help they could from such chiefs as they could persuade by bribes or threats to turn against the Prince of the Faithful. When Abd-el-Kader could no longer rely upon fortifications for defence, he sent the families of himself and chiefs, with their flocks and herds, his treasures and his library, to seek refuge in the desert. A vast wandering camp called the *Smala* was thus constituted, and it became a leading object of French tactics to evade Abd-el-Kader's cavalry and fall upon the *Smala*. The Duke d'Aumale headed a column which a native guided to the spot where the *Smala* was encamped, and the Chasseurs d'Afrique on their grey horses rode right into the place. Those persons who have not seen Horace Vernet's picture of the taking of the *Smala* had better look at it when they go to Paris. This blow hastened the fall of the declining fortune of Abd-el-Kader. After vainly seeking support or shelter from the Emperor of Morocco, he surrendered himself to Lamoricière in December, 1847, and thus this mighty war was ended. When we see in the streets of Paris the Zouaves and the Chasseurs d'Afrique, we may remember that to these troops belongs the glory of having conquered Abd-el-Kader.

After a period of captivity in France the Emir was liberated by the Emperor, then President of the Republic, and went into peaceful residence in the East. Once only of late years has his name been heard by Europe, when he interfered to save the Christians of Damascus from being massacred by the Turks. If the account which has been given of the tastes and habits of his youth be accurate, he would desire nothing so much as to have the opportunity to prepare for death in a quiet, studious, and contemplative life. He is now sixty years old. Looking back upon the dream which he formed, and almost realized, of an Arab sovereignty, he can confess that he failed because Heaven did not will that he should succeed; and he may say now, as on the day when he laid down his arms, "The struggle is over. Let us be resigned. God is witness that we have fought as long as we have been able."

#### PROFESSOR TYNDALL ON SOUND.\*

PROFESSOR TYNDALL deservedly holds a place among the foremost of our lecturers on science. His style is clear, connected, and animated. He has the art of seizing at once the most essential and prominent features of his subject, while at the same time throwing himself into the mental position of his auditors, so as to appear a fellow-learner with them. It is thus that he seems to make himself a link of intelligence between them and the body of facts under illustration, and to enable them, so to say, to see through the medium of his own mind. His experiments are unsurpassed in neatness, and never miscarry. The lecturer's voice and manner join with the habitual perspicuity of his language in engaging the attention and kindling the intelligence of his hearers. A certain glow of enthusiasm acting upon a fine imagination and a happy command of language gives an air of poetry to what in common hands is often bald, prosaic, and uninviting in the extreme, and throws an artistic finish over the hard substratum of fact. We are glad to have the opportunity of studying in print the series of lectures on Sound which during the last season drew full and attentive audiences to the lecture-room of the Royal Institution. We cannot say that these lectures strike us as equally interesting with the previous series on Heat. Not that they exhibit by comparison any

defect in the lecturer's treatment of the subject, in the fluency of his language, or the clearness of his experiments. The falling off, if any, is due to the subject itself. In dealing with the phenomena of sound we find ourselves shut up at once in a comparatively restricted area. The medium within which we move is more limited, and affords less scope for widespread and glowing speculations. The phenomena of light and heat connect us immediately with the furthest range of cosmical forces, and carry us on the wings of imagination to the extremes of infinite space. But the facts relating to sound lie essentially within the narrow bounds of our atmosphere. They are not cosmical, but terrestrial. Imagination itself is distanced the moment we try to pass beyond the limited aerial envelope which swathes our planet, and which conveys to us all we are capable of knowing of the nature of sound. Observation gives us direct evidence of the agencies of light and heat affecting worlds of untold remoteness from our own, and theory can roam at will over realms of space without any misgiving that the analogies of physics as taught us by experience here will fail us wheresoever the eye can extend its range. But what of the nature of sound, when fancy ventures to branch out beyond the few hundred miles within which we seem compelled to limit the acoustic medium, or ocean of air, in whose lower depths we live? Take, as the nearest instance, the moon. Who shall say what are the relations of sound to a planet in which the indications of an atmosphere, if appreciable at all, are so slight and indeterminate? In the presence of vast cosmical convulsions such as the telescope seems to certify as even now in progress in the moon, are we to divert our thoughts of all that class of effects which to us forms perhaps the most emphatic evidence of physical change? Is the crash of worlds before our eyes going on *in vacuo*? Is the moon's rigid metallic crust upheaved and broken, or does the titanic crater sink down into the abyss of central fire, without awaking a vibration in the eternal silence? We can only come back baffled from the feeblest flight into space to make the most that we can of the narrower and more commonplace facts actually within our ken. Even here, too, we soon encounter a further cause of limitation. The widest range of acoustics can be, as we have said, but continuous with the atmosphere whose vibrations give rise to the property of sound. But there are limits, too, to the powers of the ear or the brain to receive or to appreciate the vibrations of that medium. The range of hearing is no doubt infinitely various among different classes of sentient life. It differs, we find by experience, among individuals in the case of mankind. But the human ear itself at its best is limited in both directions of the scale in its perception of sounds, whether grave or acute. The most satisfactory test of this fact lies in the sensibility of the ear to sounds so sustained as to have a definite or musical pitch. The experiments of men of science have resulted in an arithmetical scale for the normal power of the organ of hearing:—

Savart fixed the lower limit of the human ear at eight complete vibrations a second; and to cause these slowly recurring vibrations to link themselves together, he was obliged to employ shocks of great power. By means of a toothed wheel and an associated counter, he fixed the upper limit of hearing at 24,000 vibrations a second. Helmholtz has recently fixed the lower limit at 16 vibrations, and the higher at 38,000 vibrations, a second. By employing very small tuning-forks, the late M. Depretz showed that a sound corresponding to 38,000 vibrations a second is audible. Starting from the note *c* and multiplying continually by 2; or more compendiously raising 2 to the 11th power, and multiplying this by 16, we should find that at 11 octaves above the fundamental note the number of vibrations would be 32,768. Taking, therefore, the limits assigned by Helmholtz, the entire range of the human ear embraces about 11 octaves. But all the notes comprised within these limits cannot be employed in music. The practical range of musical sounds is comprised between 40 and 4,000 vibrations a second, which amounts, in round numbers, to 7 octaves.

Dr. Wollaston was the first to take note of the difference that exists in the power of hearing between different persons. While employed in estimating the pitch of certain sharp sounds he was struck with the total insensibility of a friend to the sound of a small organ pipe which, in respect to acuteness, was far within the ordinary limits of hearing. The acoustic sense in this case extended no higher than four octaves above the middle *E* of the pianoforte, while other persons have a distinct perception of sounds two octaves higher. Professor Tyndall has accumulated various instances of the limits at which the power of hearing ceases in different individuals. The squeak of the bat, the sound of the cricket, even the chirrup of the common house-sparrow, are unheard by some persons who possess a sensitive ear for lower sounds. The ascent of a single note is sometimes sufficient to produce the change from sound to silence. Two persons, neither of them deaf, may be found, the one complaining of the penetrating shrillness of a sound, the other maintaining that no sound exists. In the *Glaciers of the Alps*, Professor Tyndall has referred to a case of short auditory range of this kind. While crossing the Wengern Alp his ear was rent with the shrill chirruping of the insects which swarmed in the grass on either side of the path, while a friend by his side heard not a sound of all this insect music. The pitch of sounds has something closely analogous to the various hues of light, which are excited by different rates of vibration. Both alike arise out of the pulses or waves of their respective media. But in its width of perception the ear greatly transcends the eye. The chromatic scale over which the eye ranges consists but of little more than a single octave, while upwards of eleven octaves lie within the compass of the ear. The quickest vibrations or shortest waves of light, which correspond to the extreme violet, strike the eye with only about twice the rapidity of the slowest or extreme red of the spectrum;

\* Sound. A Course of Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. By John Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S., &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1867.

whereas the quickest vibrations that strike the ear as a musical sound have, as Professor Tyndall remarks, more than two thousand times the rapidity of the slowest.

An admirable adjunct to our instrumental means of measuring the lengths of velocities of sonorous waves lies in the syren, the invention of M. Cagniard de la Tour, improved by Dove and Helmholtz. This ingenious little contrivance, of which instructive and amusing use was made by the lecturer at almost every period of his course, is explained at length with the aid of very clear illustrations. A brass disc pierced with four series of holes, 8, 10, 12, and 16 in number, disposed along four concentric circles, is arranged so as to revolve upon a steel axis which passes through a fixed cylinder of brass pierced with a corresponding series of holes. These perforations being made oblique to the surface of the cylinder in one direction, and to that of the disc in the other, a stream of air forced through both series by means of bellows causes the disc to rotate more or less rapidly according to the force of the current. A simple device for registering the number of revolutions enables us to determine the number of vibrations or waves of sound corresponding to the pitch of the notes given out by the syren when in motion. When turned slowly, a succession of beats or puffs of sound is heard, following each other so slowly that they may be counted. But as the motion increases, the puffs succeed each other with increasing rapidity, till they blend into a deep continuous musical note. With the increased velocity of rotation the note rises in pitch, till it becomes so shrill as to be painful to the ear, and if urged beyond a certain point becomes even inaudible to human ears. Not that this last result would prove the absence of vibratory motion in the air. It would but show the incompetence of our auditory apparatus to take up vibrations whose rapidity exceeds a certain limit, or that of our brain to translate them into sound. The eye, as Professor Tyndall proceeds to show, is in this respect precisely similar to the ear.

By means of the syren the rapidity of vibration of any sonorous body can be determined with extreme accuracy. The body may be a vibrating string, an organ-pipe, a reed, or the human voice. We might even determine from the hum of an insect the number of times it flaps its wings in a second. A tuning-fork to a certain note is sounded for one minute, and the number of revolutions of the disc, when kept in unison with it, is found registered as 1,440. Multiplying this figure by 16, the number of holes open during the experiment, we get 23,040 as the number of puffs of air or waves of sound passing through the syren in a minute, corresponding to the number of vibrations executed by the tuning-fork. Dividing this total by 60, we find the number of vibrations in a second to be 384. We can now ascertain with the same facility the length of the corresponding sonorous wave. The velocity of a sound wave in free air at the freezing-point has been found to be 1,090 feet in a second. In air of the ordinary temperature of a room the distance may be taken at 1,120 feet. Dividing 1,120 by 384, the number of sonorous waves embraced in this distance, we find the length of each wave to be nearly 3 feet. Taking the rates of four different tuning-forks we find them to be 256, 320, 384, and 512, corresponding to wave lengths of 4 feet 4 inches, 3 feet 6 inches, 2 feet 11 inches, and 2 feet 2 inches respectively. "The waves generated by a man's organs of voice in common conversation are from 8 to 12 feet, those of a woman are from 2 to 4 feet in length. Hence a woman's ordinary pitch in the lower sounds of conversation is more than an octave above a man's; in the higher sounds it is two octaves."

These experiments refer exclusively to the velocity of sound in atmospheric air. An entirely different scale of vibratory motion comes in when we consider the transmission of sound through media of various kinds. The researches of Dulong have given us an experimental table of the velocities of sound through different gases at a uniform temperature. It thus appears that the velocity of sound in oxygen is 1,040 feet in a second, in carbonic acid 858, in carbonic oxide 1,107, and in hydrogen no less than 1,464, the velocity in common air being 1,092. According to theory, the velocities of sound in oxygen and hydrogen should be inversely proportional to the square roots of the densities of the two gases. Oxygen being sixteen times heavier than hydrogen, the velocity of sound in the latter gas ought to be four times its velocity in the former. Experiment shows it to be so very nearly. The velocity of sound in liquids may be determined experimentally as well as by theory, and a table with this view has been drawn up by the late M. Wertheim. Hence we learn that sound travels with very different velocity through different liquids. A salt dissolved in water augments the velocity, and the salt that produces the greatest augmentation is chloride of calcium. Sea-water transmits sound more rapidly than fresh. In water, as in air, the velocity increases with the temperature. Thus at 15°C. the velocity in Seine water was 4,714 feet, at 30° it was 5,013 feet, and at 60° 5,657 feet, a second. The less the compressibility, the greater the elasticity; and the greater in consequence the velocity of sound through the liquid. In solids, as a rule, the elasticity as compared with the density is greater than in liquids, and consequently the propagation of sound more rapid. In Wertheim's table the velocity of sound through lead at 20°C. is but 4,030 feet a second, that through gold 5,717, through silver 8,553, through copper 11,666, through cast-steel 16,357, and through iron 16,822. As a rule, here too, velocity is augmented by temperature. But in the case of iron a remarkable exception exists. While in copper a rise from 20° to 100°C. causes the velocity to fall from 11,666 to 10,802, the same rise produces in the case of iron an increase of velocity from 16,822 to 17,386.

Between 100°, however, and 200°, iron falls from the last figure to 15,483. In iron, that is, up to a certain point, the elasticity is augmented by heat; beyond that point it is lowered. Silver, we learn, is an example of the same kind. The rate of transmission through a solid body depends further upon the manner in which the molecules of the body are arranged. Heat is found to be conducted with different facilities through wood according as it passes along the fibre or across it, and again as it follows or crosses the igneous layers or rings. In like manner, wood possesses three unequal axes of acoustic conduction. For example, in acacia wood the velocity along the fibre is 15,467 feet in a second, across the rings 4,840, and along the rings 4,436. In pine, the corresponding figures are 10,900, 4,611, and 2,605; in oak 12,622, 5,036, and 4,229. To the extreme elasticity of woody fibres, especially when in a highly dry state, are due the wonderful effects of sound drawn out of the violin, or the sounding-board of the piano. There is practically no limit to the distance through which sound may be transmitted through tubes or rods of wood. The music of instruments in a lower room may be made to pass to a higher floor, where it is excited by a proper sounding-board, being all the while inaudible in the intermediate floors through which it passes. It would be possible to lay on, by means of wooden conductors, the music of a band to a distance in all directions, much as we lay on water. Mr. Spurgeon's voice might be turned on from a main in the great Tabernacle, or Mr. Beales's eloquence from a platform in Hyde Park, to the ears of admirers in every parlour in the metropolis.

The fourth and fifth lectures reproduce and illustrate with much force and neatness the beautiful experiments of Chladni, Wheatstone, Faraday, and Strehlke, by which sonorous waves are made visible by means of the vibrations of metal plates strewn with fine sand. The curved lines, nodes, and other modifications of form which sand or the fine seeds of lycopodium exhibit under different degrees of excitement enable the eye to realize the rhythmical relations which belong to the phenomena of sound. The Pythagorean theory of figures, as applied to music, has its counterpart in the geometrical as well as in the arithmetical laws which are shown to govern the movements of sonorous waves. No portion of the present course, however, is more original and striking than that which treats of "sounding flames," or the effects produced by sound upon ignited jets of gas. Some experiments in this direction were made by Chladni and De la Rive towards the beginning of the present century, and Professor Faraday, as early as 1818, showed that certain tones were produced by tubes surrounding the flames of a spirit-lamp or a jet of carbonic oxide. After these experiments the first great novelty in acoustic observations was due to the late Count Schaffgotsch, who showed that a flame in such a tube could be made to quiver in response to a voice pitched to the note of the tube or to its higher octave. Where the note was sufficiently high the flame was even extinguished by the voice. Following up this rudimentary idea, Professor Tyndall was led to take note of a series of singular effects with flames and tubes, in which he and the Count seem to have been running a race of priority. A number of these curious and beautiful phenomena are described in the sixth lecture. The cause of this quivering or dancing of the flame is best revealed by an experiment with the syren. As the pitch of the instrument is raised so as to approach that of the tube, a quivering of the flame is seen synchronous with the beats. When perfect unison is attained, the beats cease, but begin again when the syren is urged beyond unison, becoming more rapid as the dissonance is increased. On raising the voice to the proper pitch the Professor showed that a flame which had been burning silently began to sing. The effect was the same, whenever the right note was sounded, at any distance in the room. He turned his back to the flame. Still the sonorous pulses ran round him, reached the tube, and called forth the song. Naked flames uncovered by tubes will give forth the same effects if subjected to increased pressure, or suffered to flare. Professor Tyndall ascribes this discovery to Professor Leconte, of the United States, who noticed at a musical party the jets of gas pulsate in synchronism with the audible beats. "A deaf man," he observes, "might have seen the harmony." The tap of a hammer, the shaking a bunch of keys, a bell, whistle, or other sonorous instrument is answered by the sympathetic tongue of flame. An infinite variety of forms is assumed by the luminous jet, according as the fish-tail, the bat's-wing, or other burner is employed, or a greater or less column of flame allowed to rise. The most marvellous flame of the series is that from the single orifice of a statette burner reaching a height of twenty-four inches. So sensitive is this tall and slender column as to sink to seven inches at the slightest tap upon a distant anvil. At the shaking of a bunch of keys it is violently agitated and emits a loud roar. The lecturer could not walk across the floor without agitating it. The creaking of his boots, the ticking of his watch, set it in violent commotion. As he recited a passage from Spenser the flame picked out certain sounds to which it responded by a slight nod, while to others it bowed more distinctly, and gave to some a profound obeisance, to other sounds all the while turning a deaf ear. There is also the "vowel" flame, so called because the different vowel sounds affect it differently. Hence we get a scale of vowel sounds in perfect accord with the analysis of Helmholtz. The pitch of the pure vowel sound A (as in "arm") is the highest. E (or I in French and Italian) contains higher notes than O, and O higher notes than U. This flame is peculiarly sensitive to the sound of *a*. A hiss from the most distant person



in the room would forcibly affect it. To a musical-box it behaved like a sentient creature, bowing slightly to some tones, but curtseying deeply to others. We look with lively interest for the development of this novel and highly curious branch of discovery in the hands of Professor Tyndall. The seventh lecture contains some interesting remarks upon the graphic representation of musical and other sounds by means of beams of light thrown upon a screen. The continuity or intermittence of sound is made to announce itself by the alternate lengthening or shortening of the luminous band. We should have expected here some reference to the ingenious attempts of the Abbé Moigno to render musical and spoken sounds self-recording by means of sheets of sensitive paper. Experiments of this kind are of course as yet vague and rudimentary in the extreme. It is impossible to say how far off we still are from the time when a sonata or a speech will register its own acoustic pulsations in fixed and legible characters. For the existing state and prospects, however, of the science of acoustics, we cannot point to a more succinct and intelligible statement than that contained in the course of lectures before us. We would draw the attention of our readers in particular to the concluding paragraph of the last lecture. They will find there briefly and lucidly explained the recent discoveries of Professor Schultze and the Marchese Corti regarding the manner in which sonorous motion is transmitted to the auditory nerve. If not as yet scientifically conclusive, these ingenious speculations open up a new and promising passage in the anatomy and physiology of that wondrous organ the human ear.

#### TWO NOVELS BY TWO LADIES.\*

THE old story of a man and a woman, the basis of all three-volume novels, receives some rather uncomfortable illustrations and modifications in the two books before us. The styles are very different, and the degrees of propriety or impropriety are different. Neither of them, however, is at all after a conventional manner. In each of them we get men and women of a new sort, who do very funny and surprising things and show themselves to be susceptible of very amazing sentiments. Of style, in the true sense, the two authoresses exhibit an equally profound ignorance. The capacities of the English language are darkly hidden from both of them. One does not know the slipshod, slatternly, frowzy undress to which it may be condemned until one has read a few novels of this calibre. We miss music, strength, delicacy, variety, freshness, and each and every other quality that ought to mark such compositions. Not seldom we miss even plain honest grammar. What is one to say to an authoress who, like Miss Marryat, can tell us of her heroine that, "arrayed in a white muslin robe, made in that charming fashion which flows loose from the shoulders behind, and ornamented with knots of coloured ribbons, she looked as much a girl as she had done on the beach at Freshwater, as, indeed, having but just passed her two-and-twentieth birthday, there was no reason that she should not"? What is one to say to a writer who adventures upon the muddy sea of such a sentence as this without a shadow of misgiving? Is it the fashion or the robe that flows down, and is it the fashion or the robe or the lady that is ornamented with knots of coloured ribbon? The last part of the sentence is stupendous. After this, such delightful elegances as "my uncle pointing to a chair contiguous to his own" are mere trifles. The only comfort to a patriot is that English fares no worse in Miss Marryat's hands than the language which supplies "*pere du famille*," "*cela depends*," and so forth. Miss Thomas more frequently gives reins to her genius, not by bad grammar and clumsy sentences, but by such bits of horrible brilliance as "Like likes like." Occasionally, however, even she offends our old-fashioned ideas of grammatical form. A man's passion for his love "*laid* down out of sight obediently at her behest." Will Miss Thomas forgive us for saying that "*laid*" is not the past tense of "*lie*"? Of one offence, the use of "*alone*" for only, she is never weary. "This Mr. Burgoyne," for example, "not alone did, but unwarily suffered her to perceive that he did." This ought to mean that what he did he did in company with somebody else. In another place she solemnly assures us that "there must be something innately bad in the nature that can commune with itself in such scenes as these, and not come in not alone purified but strengthened." If Miss Thomas's usage is to become law, Mr. Tennyson cannot allow Enone any longer to say, "I will not die alone," because this will come to mean that she will not only die, but do something else as well. When will authoresses, and authors too, see that, in spoiling the usefulness of a good word like "only" or like "alone," they are doing their little best to weaken and ruin the language. Apart from horrors of grammar, Miss Thomas gives us too many flabby sentences, like that, for example, in which she tells her readers that "the being much together in a beautiful quiet place where each is, by the conditions imposed upon them by solitude, condemned to feed on his or her own heart alone, if he cannot turn to the other, naturally engenders a feeling of reliance which will thrive into something into more tangible and trustworthy should the conditions remain unaltered for any length of time." In the name

of simplicity, terseness, strength, freshness, common sense, and every other literary virtue, what can induce the hastiest of authoresses to allow such a sentence as this to go to the press?

The design of Miss Marryat's story is more after the French than the English pattern. Her book contains the confessions of an effeminate kind of fast man—an inexperienced lady's conception of a fast man. Gerald Estcourt is not a wild, crafty, accomplished man of the world, but an impetuous, silly, feminine rake, with a mild conscience, about which he makes an extraordinary fuss and pother. A feebly dissipated youth, with uncommon literary genius, and a taste for low and vicious company, is not a pleasant hero. We prefer for hero either a man of sense or a rake of vigour and pretension in his order. A fast simpleton is a nuisance. We have a very poor opinion of a man who insists on telling you what a terrible fellow he is, how he lives in two worlds—a respectable world, and a world of a thousand indescribable, wicked, delightful debaucheries and follies. In one world, this gentleman used to make his appearance "redolent of Ess. Bouquet, in embroidered shirt and infinitesimal neck-tie, to dance until the small hours with the prettiest girls of the season." From this he would rush "into an atmosphere which made it of little consequence whether I was scented with one of Rimmel's distillations or the essence of tobacco; and into the presence of women from whose recognition by daylight I should have fled as from a pestilence." "Holding the hand of some pure girl in the dance," this puny Mayfair Rousseau confesses, "pouring my abominable balderdash into her ears, and receiving perhaps some little modest token in return that proved I was at least not obnoxious to her—the thought would suddenly flash into my mind, what would she think, say, and feel if she only knew the scenes from which I had freshly come, the conversation I had heard, the company I had mixed with." However, the flashing of these thoughts into a mind teeming with "abominable balderdash" was not productive of much good, and the mysterious iniquities held him fast. It is not surprising that after a time he is well punished, but not until he has punished the inoffensive reader by an elaborate narrative of the way in which he was seduced into taking a lady under his "protection." "Stern moralists," he candidly admits, "will doubtless blame the action, but I was not a moralist at that period." However, "Let no one mistake the case for one of heartless seduction." "From that worst of venial errors, which ruthlessly culling all the blooming promise of a young life leaves nothing but blasted and arid plains behind, I hold myself both in deed and purpose entirely free." After all, you see, leaving only blasted and arid plains behind you—in plainer words, seduction—is but a venial error. However, we are glad to find that he ranks it as the worst among such trifles. This is something of a concession from so frightfully fast a person. All this time he had been full of a tender and constant passion for a lady whom he had known in her maiden days, and who was now left a widow. After some slight hitches—notably the fact of the lady being left with a baby, to whom the fast man objects—they are betrothed, on the condition that Gerald leaves his dissipated life and abandons the society of improper females. "I want to know," the lady says, "that when I hear your voice it has not even professed to compliment others; and particularly such others as are the only ones you will meet in the scenes to which I have alluded." She is very sympathetic about this truly touching bit of self-denial which she is exacting. "I know my condition is a hard one." It proves to be so, and terrible things flow from it. On one occasion she accuses him of having left her presence and gone straight to one of the most abandoned of her sex; whence ensues a violent scene and rupture, followed by a journey on his part under the influence of too much brandy-and-water to Egypt, where he entangles himself very fatally with the unfortunate female who had been living under his protection in defiance of stern moralists. After this the feeble fast man returns home, and we are introduced in a pathetic manner to the shamefully uncivil way in which his friends behave to the unfortunate female, now become legally and ecclesiastically fortunate. The difficulties of a man in this interesting case are heartrending, and the entrapped hero whines and whimpers over his social sorrows quite inconsolably. There we may leave him for a warning to other fast men not to go and do likewise. The authoress is more merciful, and leaves him in delightful clover. She has an affection for the creature. For our part we find him intolerable, and we rejoice to think of him as tied up for life to the lady whom the stern moralists might have objected to.

Miss Thomas has learnt the lesson, not yet adequately impressed on Miss Marryat, that the public is a little weary of wrongdoings between men and women. Still she has too often harped on the one string that men and women often find themselves wrongly assorted, and that they are constantly hankering after the wrong person, who belongs by rights to somebody else. For a volume and a half of the present tale we expected to have the old story over again once more. There is a wonderfully fine poet—we do not think very much of the specimens of his art which the authoress is good enough to give us—engaged to be married to a wonderfully beautiful girl, and there is a brave captain in the navy engaged to be married to another wonderfully beautiful girl with a different sort of beauty. Throughout the first part of the book it is pretty clear to the discriminating reader that the poet will jilt the first of the two maidens, and take up with the second. The first is inadequate to the demands of his superb and capacious nature. Then it is also pretty clear that the second maiden is not perfectly happy in the idea of the fierce, im-

\* 1. *The Confessions of Gerald Estcourt*. By Florence Marryat (Mrs. Ross Church). 3 vols. London: Bentley.

2. *Called to Account*. A Novel. By Miss Annie Thomas. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

petuous ship-captain. So we see our way with tolerable certainty to a couple of very bad jiltings. But, as we go on, the discriminating reader's discernment is found to be at fault, for the poet does not jilt the inadequate one, but marries her. Our apprehensions are only heightened. The inadequacy becomes more painfully visible than ever after the honeymoon is over, and the prolixity with which the authoress makes sure that we see what she is driving at, a little in Mr. Trollope's manner, becomes downright tiresome. At the same time the corresponding process in the unmarried maiden goes on apace. She even writes a letter to the fiery captain, telling him the awkward state of her feelings towards him. This, it will be seen, betokens a climax. The situation must find a solution in one way or other. We have first a husband who is very much bored by his wife, and secondly, a young lady who is very much bored by her lover. Three or four years since we should have trembled at such a complication in Miss Thomas's hands. But advice is not thrown away upon her. She has grown sage, and unwinds her tangled knot with unimpeachable propriety. She brings the superb poet and the discontented maiden together within an inch of a ghastly death. This thoroughly sobers them. The poet immediately loves his wife with perfect love. The lady straightway thinks herself a fool for having written the letter to the captain, and instantly conceives a passionate attachment for him. All this may be odd in the eyes of a cold-blooded psychologist, but happily we are far away from psychology, in the pleasanter lands of romance where all things are possible. So all ends in a highly reputable manner, and we only wonder why so much pains had been taken to put us on a different scent. In spite of some absurdities, and much thinness in places, Miss Thomas does in some sort draw from her observation, and therefore there is hope of her. She ought to try to widen her inventiveness. It would be better, too, if she did not insist on her heroines being all so extremely lovely, and the number of superbly furnished rooms might be diminished with much advantage. A novelist ought to remember that art is something more than the construction of paradises of upholstery. Still we would rather read about delicious apartments than about fast men.

#### HENRI DE VALOIS AND POLAND IN 1572.\*

THE elaborate and voluminous work which the Marquis de Noailles has recently produced on a hitherto obscure episode in the history of the sixteenth century is not merely valuable in itself, but also most opportune at the present time. If it be true that the end of Poland has at last arrived—if the hope of the Polish poet Krasinski, that "what the world called a dream and a delusion" shall be made "a reality and a right," is to remain unfulfilled, and "the conscience of nations" to which he appealed is to be deaf for ever to the wrongs of an outraged and crushed race—then the least that the world owes to Poland is to learn to understand and appreciate her history. The popular view of that history, easy and convenient like most popular views, may be summed up in two propositions, of which the first is supposed to constitute a tribute to political morality, and the second to historical justice. On the one hand, the partitions of Poland were great crimes; on the other, the Poles, by their inherently vicious and absurd system of government, deserved their fate. Catharine and Frederick were great sinners, but they only worked out a political necessity. Therefore, "*Vive la Pologne*!" at Paris and among the friends of Poland in London; but the less distinctly her real history is remembered, the better for the ease and comfort of the political conscience of Western as well as Eastern Europe. Animated by very different views from such as these, the Marquis de Noailles is determined that so much at least of Polish history as is contemporary with or antecedent to the events with which his narrative is concerned shall no longer be obscured beneath the clouds of more or less wilful ignorance. The greater part of his bulky first volume is devoted to a survey of Polish history under the Jagellons up to the death of the last of that great dynasty, and of the political and social condition of Poland at the time when that event at last necessitated a real, instead of a merely nominal, election to the Crown. To this portion of his work we will confine our present observations, reserving for another opportunity such remarks as suggest themselves upon the connexion between the election of Henri de Valois and the general politics of Europe at the critical period in question.

The Jagellons reigned over Poland for little short of two centuries (from 1386 to 1572), and it was under them that the kingdom attained to a height of power and prosperity from which its subsequent history soon becomes a continuous retrogression. Under the Jagellons Poland was not only the representative and champion of the Slave race against the encroachments of the German and the assumptions of the Muscovite; she was also the protectress of Europe against the inroads of Turk and Tartar, and the standard-bearer of the resistance offered by independent and elective kingdoms to the dynastic voracity of the House of Austria. The Knights of the Teutonic order, to quote an expression of one of the ablest and most Prussian of modern German historians, were at once "the conquerors, teachers, and task-masters" of the neighbours of the German nation in North and East. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, as in the nineteenth,

though in a different sense, Prussia was "new Germany"—a colony of crusaders whose reward was of this world as well as of the next, and who by the Peace of Kalisch (1343) advanced the landmarks of their nationality to a point at which they were to remain for many centuries. The union of Poland and Lithuania, effected about a century later, placed a barrier against their further progress, and, as is usually the case with military aristocracies, the prosperity of the Teutonic order was destined to prove its ruin. The Popes began to excommunicate the Crusaders of the North, and the Redeemer whose cross they had borne was believed to have appeared in order to declare to a contemporary saint that "*illi cruciferi . . . ipsi pugnant contra me.*" The work of conversion in detail was outdone by the wholesale baptism of all Lithuania in a single day, following the example of her Grand-Duke, and, as M. de Noailles points out, the *raison d'être* of the Teutonic order had disappeared. At Grünwald, in 1410, the order was all but annihilated by the victorious Poles; in 1466 the "everlasting" Peace of Thorn made the Vistula once more, as Treitzschke angrily observes, a Slavonic river, and the landmarks of Germany were once more removed far to the West, where, in the Mark Brandenburg, Frederick of Hohenzollern had presciently purchased from the Order the nucleus of the future Prussian monarchy.

After the Polish nation had thus, under the Jagellons, victoriously asserted itself against the German invaders, it displayed equal vigour in its resistance against the inroads of a power, of more ambiguous origin, on its Eastern frontier. The struggle between Poland and Muscovy, of which the embers are unlikely to be trodden out even in our days, commenced under the Jagellons in the second half of the fifteenth century. So irrepressible is the contention between neighbouring peoples, whether homogeneous or not, when the one is a nation of freemen and the other an army of slaves; and so true, therefore, is a remark made by a recent traveller in Poland (Mr. Bullock), that "it is only in the light of Poland that the history of Russia can be read," and that "ignorance of Russia is implied in ignorance of Poland." The reign of Ivan III. has been recognised by Russian historians as a turning-point in the history of the heterogeneous empire, "*cette fausse mère des Slaves*," as M. de Noailles sardonically calls it. It was under Ivan III. that the destruction of the republic of Novogorod ("the cradle of the empire") brought the Muscovite autocracy to the borders of, and therefore into inevitable conflict with, the now united countries of Lithuania and Poland. Under the Jagellons the conquest of Lithuania was repeatedly attempted by Ivan IV. (the Terrible), but the heroism of the Poles, and, subsequently, dangers which menaced the Muscovite dominion from other quarters, stayed the advance of his arms. In 1570 he signed a truce for thirty years; and thus, at the close of the Jagellonian dynasty, the kingdom had maintained its frontiers intact against Muscovite barbarism as well as against Teutonic "civilization."

In both these conflicts the objects for which the Jagellons successfully contended may be characterized as purely national; it remains to recall how, in two other instances, their efforts were made on behalf of interests by no means confined to themselves and their polity. Long before Russia had become a European empire, and, with a steady gaze towards the minarets of St. Sophia, proclaimed eternal war upon Islam, Polish kings withstood the incursions of Turk and Tartar, and on the battlefields of Varna and Mohacz sealed with their blood the undertaking, which Poland up to the close of her history showed herself determined to fulfil, of guarding the frontiers of European civilization against the arch-foe of Christianity. The principal theatre of these struggles was Moldavia, whose palatines alternated in their allegiance to Poland and to the Grand Sultan; nor had the contest been brought to any decisive result by the time when the Jagellonian dynasty came to an end. Lastly, as M. de Noailles has very clearly shown, Poland under the Jagellons maintained a constant and effectual protest against the encroachments of the House of Austria upon that principle of nationalities which it was destined to succeed in suppressing for centuries, till, under other circumstances, it has been revived in our own times. "The supreme end pursued by the Habsburgs, an end which they succeeded in accomplishing, was, in establishing themselves upon the Imperial throne, to render hereditary, by prescription, all the crowns which they wore." To destroy in its essence, if not in name, the principle of election in the case of the Bohemian and Hungarian thrones, was a task which the single-minded selfishness of the Habsburgs would have accomplished with far less difficulty and far greater speed, had not this principle been represented and championed by the Poles under the Jagellons. Sigismund and Albert II. wore the Bohemian and Hungarian crowns as well as the Imperial; but under their successors Frederick III. and Maximilian I. these coveted prizes seemed likely to pass for ever out of the grasp of the Habsburgs, and at one time even to fall into the possession of the Jagellons. Towards the close of the fifteenth century the Jagellon Ladislas reigned over both Bohemia and Hungary; and had his son Lewis II. "not perished at Mohacz, in the flower of his age, the reunion of the two sceptres of Bohemia and Hungary in the hands of princes belonging to the family of the Jagellons might have given rise to another Poland, destined, so to speak, to double the former, with analogous political institutions and a common enemy—Islamism." Under the last two of the Jagellons, it is true, an approximation to the House of Austria is observable; and the treaty of alliance between Sigismund I. of Poland and the Emperor

\* *Henri de Valois et la Pologne en 1572.* Par le Marquis de Noailles. 3 tomes. Paris: Michel Lévy frères. 1867.



Maximilian I. was cemented by the matrimonial engagement in consequence of which, after an interval of nearly a century, a Habsburg prince once more united on his head the Imperial, Bohemian, and Hungarian crowns. And, as we shall have occasion to observe again, one of the chief points of interest in the question of the succession to the vacant Polish throne of the Jagellons lies in the circumstance that, had it not been seized by a French prince, it would have fallen to an Austrian archduke, the descendant of the all-provident Maximilian I., while again, after Anjou's renunciation of the Polish throne, death alone removed Maximilian II. from the candidature.

M. de Noailles has supplemented his sketch of the foreign policy of Poland under the Jagellonian dynasty by some very interesting chapters on that best-abused of all historical politics, the Polish Constitution. In his opinion, the best comment on the contemptuous criticisms which have been heaped upon it before and since Montesquieu described its object to be the independence of every one, and its result the oppression of all, is contained in the fact that Poland passed, in absolute peace and without the spilling of a drop of blood, through the period of the Reformation and the religious wars. In the very year of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, liberty of conscience was proclaimed as a constitutional principle in Poland. Her inexcusable error, in M. de Noailles's view, was that, while she had been the foremost to conceive and apply sound maxims of political justice, she failed to appreciate the moral iniquity of the institution of serfdom, which, while it was proceeding through mitigation to extinction in the rest of Europe, established itself and increased its rigour in Poland.

Apart from the question of serfdom, it must be pointed out that the Polish Constitution attempted, and attempted unsuccessfully, to base itself upon a principle which in its application to human systems of administration must always remain Utopian—namely, the principle of unanimity. It is strange enough that this principle was asserted by no written law, but was merely a *consuetudo que promulgata nunquam unum tamen parem cum scriptis auctoritatem obtinuit*. It is always a hazardous experiment to bring such customs to the test of direct application. "This law," says M. de Noailles, in a very significant passage, "became fatal when, adhering to the letter, men wished to constitute it an arithmetical truth, and produced the folly of the *liberum veto*. This amounted to an *a priori* assumption that all the members of an assembly are gifted with a perfectly sound judgment, and a conscience proof against every attack. The abuses were so great, and the progress of government was so often embarrassed, that at the close of the eighteenth century the Poles had no stronger wish than to free the Republic from it. Catharine opposed herself to this step." And she was wise in her generation; for Cæsars must have their Curios, and the salvation of a bad case is often found in an obstinate jurymen. At the same time, it should not be overlooked that it was not till the middle of the seventeenth century that the right of the *liberum veto* was for the first time practically asserted.

The description, founded entirely upon the notes of contemporary writers, of the social condition of the Polish nobility in the sixteenth century is extremely interesting and vivacious; and modern travellers in Poland, such as Mr. Bullock, will recognise in it many of the features which their experiences prove to have even now not altogether disappeared from the face of the unfortunate land. The excellent French for which the Poles of both sexes are celebrated at the present day was then represented by Latin, and in listening to the Latin conversation of Polish noblemen and their ladies one fancied oneself in *medio Latio*. The love of country life, and the hospitality which is its usual accompaniment, were the same among the *fraternitas* of the Polish nobility of the sixteenth century as among the remnant of their descendants still left on the native soil. In the light of subsequent history, even a dry definition cited by M. de Noailles in a note from Lengnich's work on the public laws of the kingdom acquires a pathetic touch. "*Est nobilis qui patre nobili natus in suis possessionibus vivens iuribus nobilitatis utitur*." This definition does not, however, include those who, by a custom peculiar to Poland (though we believe a parallel might be found in the constitutional history of Genoa), could become nobles by adoption, *i.e.* a noble family might adopt an ignoble one by conferring upon it the right of bearing the arms of the adopter. By this means the Polish nobility was composed of clans rather than families, and represents an intermediate phase between a patriciate with clients and a nobility in the ordinary sense of the term.

After all, however, the principal feature of the Polish system of government, and that which at all times constituted its real offence in the eyes of its despotic neighbours, was the limitation which it imposed upon the Royal power, or rather the subordination of that power to the organ of the will of the nobility. Not that the King was merely a dignified, and not an effective, part of the political system; but his effective operation was merely indirect, by means of the nomination of the senators, and by means of the distribution of the starosties. The Senate itself was in the last instance subordinate to the Diets; the Diets represented the whole body of the nobility; and as that nobility amounted in numbers to between 200,000 and 300,000 individuals, the Polish Constitution can hardly be designated as an aristocratic one. Indeed it would be difficult to fix upon an appropriate designation to characterize with precision the form of government of "the Republic of the Kingdom of Poland." The crown, as everybody knows, was elective, but as long as the Jagellons succeeded to one another it was merely nominally so. It is, therefore, at the date up to which M. de Noailles's

first volume brings the history of Poland, the year 1572, that a new era commenced in it—"the epoch of the omnipotence of the nobility." Yet it would be an error to suppose that anarchy was the immediate result, or that we should be justified in dating from the death of the last of the Jagellons the commencement of the last period in the history of Poland, when her errors and her misfortunes hurried her on towards the most tragical fate which has befallen any nation of the modern world.

(To be continued.)

#### THE ALPS.\*

M. RAMBERT confesses that he has formed a somewhat ambitious design—no less than a description of the Swiss Alps. The two volumes already published are, it seems, a mere prelude to others which are intended to succeed each other with more or less regularity at intervals of about a year. In short, he hopes to publish a kind of Alpine year-book to serve as a supplement to those already put forth by the Swiss and English Alpine Clubs. He takes, however, a considerably larger range than that within which those rather technical publications are confined. Their staple has hitherto been the description of new or specially interesting ascents, varied with occasional digressions into scientific topics. M. Rambert aspires to satisfy the wider circle of readers who start with no special interest in climbing or in forming theories. The publications of the Alpine Clubs would to them seem to savour rather too much of the "shop." M. Rambert prefers to give accounts of climbing by way of episode, and in subordination to other matters of more general popular interest. He gives us indeed an essay upon the pleasures of climbing, and tries to convey to the outside world some distinct impression of the nature of that mysterious passion. He relates, too, certain Alpine experiences as to the districts of the Töeli and the Dent du Midi, which will chiefly interest the climbing fraternity. But he soars far beyond these narrow limits. He enlarges in one essay upon the connexion between the Alps and liberty; in another he discourses in a semi-poetical strain upon the beauties of the Alpine Flora; and in two well-told novelettes he illustrates two modes of life which are specially characteristic of the mountains—the goatherds and the *flotteurs*, or timber-floaters, who correspond, under very different circumstances, to the lumberers of Canada. When completed, the detached essays of which the work is composed will combine to form a more or less complete dissertation upon four principal heads—the mountains, considered first in their picturesque, and secondly in their scientific, aspect; and the inhabitants, first as pursuing the various occupations which are peculiar to the Alps, and secondly in a more general way, including the infinite varieties of strangers who form so large a part of the summer population. We are not surprised that M. Rambert sometimes fears, in contemplating the great variety of topics appropriate to his scheme, that he has engaged himself in a track which may have no end; but the plan is not to be too rigorously criticized until a certain number of volumes, each containing various detached pieces, have appeared, when we shall begin to judge of their capacity for forming something of an organic whole. Meanwhile we may safely say that, whatever may be the ultimate fate of his undertaking, he can certainly contribute many very interesting additions to the already extensive literature of the subject, and that Alpine travellers will do well at least to keep an eye upon succeeding volumes from the same hand.

The most interesting parts, so far as he has gone at present, are the Alpine stories, and some of the contributions to what professes to be the most insignificant topic treated, although it threatens to be itself inexhaustible—that of the modern art of mountaineering. When M. Rambert expatiates upon such difficult subjects as the connexion between the politics and the physical geography of the Alps, he is less satisfactory—partly, it may be, because there is scarcely room for such discussion in a mere corner of a volume chiefly devoted to speculations of a less lofty character; and partly because his style is apt to be somewhat discursive, and to deal with broad and abstract propositions which he fails to attach very closely to the particular circumstances of the case. The stories are good in themselves, and may serve to suggest to tourists how much of a very peculiar and characteristic life they entirely omit to notice in their journeys. To them, as is not unnatural, the population of Switzerland consists of two or three classes exclusively—the landlords, the guides, the officials of the Post-office, and the beggars—in short, of those who, on one pretext or another, derive their subsistence directly or indirectly from the tourists' pockets. Yet there are many modes of obtaining a livelihood in the mountains which existed before tourists began, and continue to survive without reference to the patronage of those enlightened foreigners. The thousands who go yearly to stare at the gorge of Trient naturally know and think nothing of the dangerous industry of which it is frequently the scene. If a few of them glance at M. Rambert's account of the life of a *flotteur*, they will have fresh associations with the strange scenery of that singular defile. He has succeeded very ingeniously in giving the essential elements in the course of his story, without sitting down to give us professedly a detailed description.

The mountaineering part of the book, however, is the most prominent, though professedly the smallest part of his design. The narratives of adventure are, on the whole, less wearisome to the un-

\* *Les Alpes Suisses*. Par E. Rambert. Geneva and Paris: 1865.

initiated than is generally the case in this rather hackneyed variety of literature. It is really difficult to give much interest to the outside world in the details of any kind of sport. A prizefight must be an exciting thing to witness; but after a time we get tired of reading in the pages of *Bell's Life* about the stinger which one gentleman administers to the smelling-bottle of another; or even, in *Guy Livingstone*, about the hero whose fist is always being slung out with terrific power from his hip. As for cricket, with talk about splendid hits to long-leg—or rowing, with dissertations upon catching it at the beginning—they have perhaps been overworked. Mountaineering has lately been treated in a similar spirit; the single step which used to lead to destruction, and the avalanche which a breath might dislodge, have been long ago exhausted; and travellers have fallen to talk about *arêtes* and *bergschrunds* and ice-slopes in the same technical spirit which animates the reporter of cricket-matches and boat-races as to the details of the art in question. M. Rambert endeavours to soar above these difficulties, chiefly by leaving the smaller incidents to the imagination of his readers, and by treating at greater length than usual the picturesque incidents of his travels. Of course there is and must be occasionally a passage about a steep couloir or an overhanging cornice of ice, which introduces the correct eulogy upon his guides, and serves to keep us a little in suspense before reaching the summit; but his great object is apparently to set before us an accurate picture of the mountain rather than to detail his own adventures. It must be admitted that this mode has the disadvantage which pertains to most elaborate descriptions of scenery. A traveller must have great faith in his own powers before he can rely upon making the substance of the dish set before us out of the material which most writers reserve for an occasional sweetening; but at any rate, to one fresh from the stories of English mountaineers, who only give way to their emotions under protest and with a strong sense that they are likely to become a bore, it is not unpleasant. M. Rambert, we must add, succeeds better than most people in setting before us an image of what he describes; or at least, for nothing is more difficult than to give any definite image of mountain scenery in words, in making us sympathize with his emotions and catch something of the spirit of the scenery. He thus incidentally exhibits one of the advantages which the Swiss mountaineers possess over their English rivals. Whatever the reasons may be, it is certain that Englishmen divide with the Swiss, and with the Swiss alone, the credit, if it is a credit, of the true mountaineering passion. A few Americans sometimes do a pass or peak from curiosity, and occasionally an adventurous German, and still more rarely a Frenchman. The Swiss and the English, however, are practically the only two schools that flourish; and each has its own style, as distinct as the styles of different schools in painting. The Englishman—always helped, it is to be remembered, by native guides—has shown more energy and more of the pure spirit of adventure in late years. M. Rambert, indeed, remarks as much himself, with a shade of disapproval. He says that we appear to play the heavy game in our Alpine courses; that we show as much audacity as calculation, and despise prudence as much as danger. He wishes that the Swiss Club, which may try as much whilst risking less, may never allow their amusement to degenerate into a simple rivalry in rashness. There is doubtless some truth in these remarks, especially as directed against the large number of English travellers who venture into danger without the slightest experience, and often thrust a large responsibility upon their guides in the unconsciousness of perfect ignorance. Probably we shall continue to display the national quality—whatever its name may be—in spite of warning or remonstrance. Meanwhile, and especially in view of the exhaustion of unexplored country, we may point out some of the advantages of the Swiss plan of proceeding. It is natural for men living within sight of the mountains, and within a few hours of their base, to be less in a hurry than Englishmen are almost compelled to be. They can afford to spend many days in attacking a single mountain, in making preparatory expeditions to determine the most promising route, and in waiting for fine weather, as M. Rambert seems to have done, in his ascent of the Dent du Midi. It is not a mountain of the first order in height or difficulty of access; but he seems to have walked round about it, and examined all its points, until he became familiar with every ridge and every ravine that descended from its summit. At last, after sundry expeditions in successive years, most of them baulked by bad weather, he had the pleasure of reaching the summit. This doubtless was a dilatory process, to which men eager to devour a new country would be unwilling to submit. They would fail or succeed in their first spring, and then turn to something else. M. Rambert's plan has, however, the advantage that it forces the traveller to become thoroughly familiar with the mountains, and thus to render himself more independent of guides. An ordinary Englishman trusts himself to some native, and follows blindly without knowing the reason for which the particular path has been selected, and therefore frequently ignoring the skill by which dangers and difficulties have been evaded. He sees more mountains than he otherwise could do in the time, but he sees each less thoroughly. Now no one can fairly appreciate the spirit of mountain scenery until he has made himself thoroughly familiar with some one district, and is as competent as an amateur can be to proceed there without a guide. Now that the race to fresh mountain-tops has ceased from want of material, it is to be hoped that some of our travellers will see the advantage of substituting a quiet and systematic study of a narrow field for a feverish gallop all over the country. M.

Rambert's pages will show them how much such a system enhances the enjoyment of nature, by giving one a little real knowledge instead of a larger superficial acquaintance with show places.

M. Rambert has in his last volume corrected some remarks which he had previously made about the accident on the Matterhorn. We cannot now argue the question, on which his observations are sensible enough; but we may say that the chief moral which may be undoubtedly drawn from the accident was perhaps too slightly touched, for fear of hurting the feelings of survivors. It is simply this, that nothing can be more foolish than for inexperienced travellers to venture into really dangerous places *without a sufficient force of guides*. That is the real lesson, and it confirms the advantages of the kind of mountaineering of which we have been speaking, at least as a preliminary to greater expeditions. A man who has made himself thoroughly familiar with one district of moderate difficulty will probably have had much more pleasure, and certainly will be more qualified to take care of himself, than others who have at once plunged into the most dangerous expeditions, even under the care of first-rate guides.

#### CATTLE AND CATTLE-BREEDERS.\*

ALTHOUGH a perusal of Mr. McCombie's volume may leave on the mind some misgiving that a truer designation of its contents might have been "Cattle-Breeders and Cattle," it is not to be denied that it is a readable and amusing book. Even the most utterly unbucolic mind may find relaxation and beguilement of ennui in reading of the rollicking eccentricities, the rude rough wit, and the practical joking of the giants among breeders and feeders across the border fifty years ago. Amateur cattle-fanciers may derive not a few useful hints from Mr. McCombie's pages, if they take the trouble to read them systematically; and wide-awake professional hands, whether they be English breeders of Herefords or Shorthorns, or compatriots of the author, will at once discover that they are in company with one of themselves who has seen as much of the cattle trade as any of them, and whose eye and touch are alike skilled to distinguish a good beast from a sorry one.

Mr. William McCombie of Tillyfour is the son and grandson of East Lothian cattle-dealers; and his sire transmitted to him a cattle connexion with Mid Lothian and Fife, the goodness of which may be guessed from the fact of his books showing a clear profit of 2,000*l.* at one Falkirk fair, and 1,500*l.* at another. He also did a large trade with England. Starting in life with authority from his father to buy half a dozen beasts, and with money to pay for them—a commission which he exceeded by purchasing fifteen instead of six, the owners trusting him for the balance—and being now, at the time of the publication of his experiences by Messrs. Blackwood, one of the most celebrated dealers and breeders in Scotland, the author may be taken as a practical illustration of his expressed belief "that there is no better way to train a young man than to put him to market without assistance." A rough training it must have been in his early days, such as we could find it in our hearts to prescribe for idlers of good family nowadays, who, when other trades fail, are fain to learn a far more rose-water style of farming, and would, no doubt, consider themselves qualified to graduate in cattle-breeding and feeding before even they knew the meaning of certain terms connected with buying, selling, and rearing, upon which our author descants with the ease of long-standing experience. It might be hardly fair to expect at an English agricultural college an interpretation of "asking close" as contrasted with "giving halter," or the meaning of the substantive "stance" and of the verb "to hove." But it strikes us that a wrinkle or two from this book about dividing beasts in the lean-cattle trade so as to apportion a lot of forty or eighty to the satisfaction of four joint customers (p. 9); about judging store-stock (a rarer gift than that of judging fat cattle or breeding stock), "so as to say at a glance how much each animal will improve in value on good, bad, or indifferent land, or on turnips, in three, six, or twelve months" (p. 20); and about feeding and fattening cattle in such a way that there shall be a limit of time and quantity to cake and corn (p. 48), would not come amiss to many amateurs and professionals on either side the Border. They would certainly help to explain the phenomenon that Mr. McCombie, confessedly "crazed" in his rage for fine cattle, is a thriving and contented breeder and feeder, notwithstanding the almost universal truth of his dictum "that no great breeder or cattle-dealer ever died rich."

One hint of his by itself might, if laid to heart, save a mint of money. "A word," he writes, "as to show-bullocks. I believe they are the most unprofitable speculation an agriculturalist can interfere with. To keep a show-bullock as he ought to be kept will cost from 12*s.* to 15*s.* per week, which amounts to about 40*l.* per annum." The doctrine too on which Mr. McCombie insists more than once, that while there must be no ill-judged parsimony, no intermission of regular feeding for cattle when taken up from grass, yet cake and corn ought only to be used as auxiliaries for the last two or three months to the healthy food of grass, turnips, and straw, is worthy of all acceptance:—

If cattle [he observes] are forced upon cake and corn over two or three months, it will in my opinion pay no one. To give unlimited quantities for years, and to say it will pay, is preposterous. . . . Cake and corn given to cattle day by day loses its effect, till at last you bring the beasts to a

\* *Cattle and Cattle-Breeders*. By William McCombie, Tillyfour. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1867.



standstill, and week after week you can perceive little improvement. Cattle, and still more corn, appears to injure their constitution; grass, turnips, straw, or hay are their only healthy food. For commercial cattle and for commercial purposes two months is the utmost limit that cake and corn will pay the Aberdeenshire feeder.

Although the author is himself not undistinguished in the show-yard, it is to the commercial rearing of cattle that all his remarks are directed. This is as it should be. Our magnates and rich men may please their eye and tickle their vanity by breeding stock for the show-yard, and good doubtless may accrue from the highest possible improvement of a herd for the purposes of competition. But the farmer or amateur who contents himself with the humbler aim of breeding profitably for commercial purposes has this advantage, that his stock is far less liable to hereditary disease than that which is pampered for exhibition. He runs less risks, and does as much good in his generation. Breeding for show, as we are reminded in the pages under review, "requires independent means, and, to secure success, skill, perseverance, and patience under heavy disappointments." Breeding for the markets can be achieved "by ordinary prudence:—

If the first object is the one aimed at, the selection must be made from the most established herds, and of animals of pedigree, and possessing the characteristics of the race you intend to propagate. But my attention will be more particularly directed to the second. There are few that have hatfuls of money to expend on the purchase of high-bred animals, nor is this necessary in order to insure a profitable return from a breeding-stock.

Into the means of compassing this latter end Mr. McCombie goes at some length, attaching much weight to a good selection, a clearly-defined standard, based on a copious induction from particular localities where a breed is seen in its purity, and of course not least, though this is not everything, the very best blood in the bulls resorted to. The author's remark that in the selection of the male you will have to "consider the faulty and defective points in your cows with a view to correct them, and that—pedigree being right—a bull strong on those points where the females are weak ought to be purchased," is suggestive of the need in which breeders stand of patient observation, as well as scientific study of the character, temper, and constitution of their animals. "To be good behind the shoulder, good in the girth, and well down to the fore-rib, are qualities most difficult to attain," but even all these excellences may be marred by the introduction of wild blood into a herd. Good docile temper is a *sine quâ non* to a perfect beast.

Mr. McCombie's observations and experiences are confined mostly to the pure Aberdeenshire and Angus cattle, and he has also a strong fancy for North-country crosses. He has none for those Highland cattle which are so restless as to be unsuited for stall-feeding, and little for the Galloways, which are good to graze, but difficult to ripen. "You can bring them to be three-quarters fat, and there they stick; it is difficult to give them the last dip." He does not profess to discuss short-horns; but only to gossip about those breeders who, in his remembrance, have been distinguished for that kind of stock in the North, or most successful in crosses between short-horns and Highlanders. His affection for the black-poll Aberdeen and Angus breeds in fact leads him to close his eyes to most other varieties, and this necessarily takes from his volume all pretension to be a scientific "conspectus." On the other hand, as he speaks only of breeds with which he is intimately conversant, and reasonably presumes that "what applies to one breed may apply in a great degree to all," he may be taken as always reliable on his own ground, and often very useful in his details of experience suitable for adoption elsewhere.

Thus we should conceive that his remarks on the diseases of cattle—milk-fever, red-water, pleuro-pneumonia—would be found widely serviceable; and with respect to the first-named, his successful prevention of it by bleeding and physicking every cow two or three days before calving ought to be a valuable contribution to veterinary science, if indeed the old servant at Tillyfour mentioned in p. 165 was not singular in his ignorance of such a precaution. The whole volume shows that its author has done his best to command success by deserving it. If he has to transmit store-cattle from Scotland to England, or from one part of the country to another, he takes care to run no risk that money can avert of foot and mouth disease, or lung disease, but himself practises and recommends any outlay of time and cost to get trucks properly lime-washed. Trucking—though not to be recommended when there is no risk of injury from driving beasts easy stages of from ten to fourteen miles a day, at a season of the year when cattle can "hedge it"—is a great advance on transit by sailing vessels, or by what has in a great measure superseded it, steam-navigation. The scenes which Mr. McCombie describes as taking place among cattle in the hold of a steamer during a storm can be approximately conceived by any who have ever watched the poor beasts in a crowded truck; and it is very sound advice that Railway Companies should adopt some such mode of insurance as the owners of Aberdeen steamers have for some years established for the protection of their shippers.

Readers of this journal have not now to be first enlightened about the enterprise of those who purvey for the dead-meat market; but the pages of the book before us will, if studied, increase admiration of the spirit with which Aberdeenshire, with its hundreds of dealers, jobbers, and butchers of various grades, has created a new trade, and literally regulates the Newgate Market:—

Taking the year 1865, there were 10,074 tons of dead meat sent by rail, and 61 by sea. Calculating that 6 cwt. was the average weight of the cattle,

this will show that 33,781 cattle were sent away from Aberdeen as dead meat, against 9,031 live cattle by rail, and 4,558 by sea, so that 20,194 more were sent away dead than alive. The live cattle would weigh 7 cwt., or 1 cwt. more than the dead.

To our thinking, however, the hints which this shrewd and observant Scotchman has jotted down somewhat unsystematically about the breeding, feeding, buying and selling of fat stock and store-cattle are of secondary interest compared with his reminiscences of a race of cattle-traders which has almost passed away, and his reawakening, for the nonce, of strange forms and figures of a day that is gone. With our British network of railways, and the rapidity of locomotion which they render possible, the individual dealer comes and goes without leaving behind him any such mark as when, with or without saddle-bags, he rode from place to place, and made hostel and farmhouse alike re-echo with his boisterous mirth. The old-fashioned dealer πολλῶν ἀνθρώπων ἰδὲν ἄστια καὶ πόλιν ἴγναι, and our author especially shines when he draws upon the storehouse of memory or tradition for famous anecdotes of such of these as flourished in his own day, and were contemporaries of his father or himself. Not indeed but that we fancy he has too high an opinion of the wit of these worthies; for the best sample which he can cite of that of George Williamson of St. John's Wells—a type, we are told, of his class—is his remark, "as he was passing through Perth with a large drove of cattle, and the bells were ringing a merry peal for the peace, that it was a sorry peal for him, for it cost him 4,000l." We should have preferred a specimen of Scotch "wut" of which the pocket was not *magister artis ingenique largitor*. Mr. McCombie is far more successful in presenting to us the rough and ready aptness of the dealers of his early days in seizing an advantage, in capping a remark on matters of business, or in perpetrating a practical joke with a coolness so surpassing that one feels how much zest this sort of sport must have imparted to the daily round of work. One James Milner of Tillyriach seems to have been the king of cattle-dealers in this respect, a man who once crowned his own new dining-room with a ready-made "new-dressed granite chimney-top" removed bodily from the roof of one of his sub-tenants, and fairly fixed upon his own before the loss of it was detected. So fairy-like an exploit might have argued him to be of kin to Thomas the Rhymer, or some such mythical worthy, but that James Milner, though otherwise a smart and "pretty" man, had what he himself was wont to call "ugly skulls of feet." Apropos of these feet, a good story is told how

On one occasion he was in the South, where he bought cattle as well as in the North, and had an appointment to purchase a rare lot of cattle. James Williamson of Bethelnie was also anxious to secure the same lot. The two were at the same inn; and after Milner went to bed his shoes were turned out of his bedroom to be brushed. Williamson got hold of them, and had them put into a pot of water and boiled for hours. When Milner rose to continue his journey, he might have got the better of the loss of his stockings (with which also liberties had been taken), but his shoes were in a hopeless case, and he was obliged to defer his journey. New shoes had to be made, and as Milner's feet were so large, lasts had to be made first, and thus it took several days to get him fitted for the road. James Williamson meanwhile bought the cattle, and had his laugh at Milner, who reaped a share of the profits.

Anecdotes of such men as Milner and Williamson fill a couple of very entertaining chapters, and there is a lively and appreciative sketch given of Captain Barclay, who was not less famous as the "Father of the Shorthorns" than as the driver of the "Defiance," and the gentleman who in 1809 walked a thousand miles in a thousand hours. "His horses were the strongest and his fields the largest in the country," and one of his sayings, "that he did not like a field in which the cattle could see each other every day," epigrammatically expresses his early advocacy of a reform in agriculture which is as much in the interest of landlords as of tenants. A feeling of sentimentalism may cherish endless hedgerows, but they are sore hindrances to a tenant's margin over and above his rent, and therefore not really gainful to the landlord. Among later enterprising and successful breeders, Mr. McCombie makes honourable mention of Mr. Bowie of Mains of Kelley, and Lord Southesk, both of whose noble herds, we are sorry to learn, were terribly reduced by rinderpest.

On his favourite topic, and his own ground, Mr. McCombie of Tillyfour is a right genial gossip, and a sensible writer; a link between old and new, between two generations of cattle-traders, with each of which he could, we doubt not, make himself equally at home. The days are gone—and who can regret it?—when the test of a dealer's strength of constitution was that he "could have sat twenty-four hours with the punch-bowl" (as could Mr. John Geddes at Haddock), "and have risen as sober as when he sat down"; yet we can conceive few more entertaining "noctes bucolicæ," even in this degenerate age, than such as might be spent in sitting at the feet of such a North-country Gamaliel as Mr. McCombie, over a mild glass or so of toddy.

#### A WIFE AND NOT A WIFE.\*

THE author of this work is superfluously frank when he says in his preface that it is founded on fact, for its title is enough to connect it with a well-known case which evoked a great outburst of Irish sympathy. But it is a pity that, with an evidently chivalrous purpose in view, he has not taken the pains to put his

\* *A Wife and not a Wife*. By Cyrus Redding. London: Saunders & Otley. 1867.

case a little more clearly, and with some slight regard to probability. So far as any limited understanding can grasp them, his facts are these:—Mary Fitzwalter, a Protestant young lady resident in Ireland towards the close of the last century, marries a wicked Captain. The wicked Captain, being disappointed in the amount of her fortune, and wishing to marry another "devilish nice creature," bethinks himself of getting his marriage annulled. So he institutes proceedings "under 19 George II." (the Chapter is quite beneath Mr. Redding's notice), which enacts "that a marriage between a Catholic and Protestant should be void if the marriage ceremony were performed by a Catholic minister." All he conceives that he has to do is to profess himself to have been a Catholic at the time of the marriage. Unfortunately for his contention, it would seem, from the account of the marriage given in p. 105, vol. i., that it was celebrated by Protestant clergymen. The usual ceremonies, we are told, were gone through with the "assistance" of two or three "clerical officials," and Mr. Cyrus Redding is funny over the "herculean" and "laborious" task of the "overworked clergyman" who required to be helped in uniting two persons in holy wedlock. These are terms which are quite inapplicable to a Roman Catholic marriage. Apart from this, there remains the antecedent improbability that a Protestant young lady, marrying a professing Protestant from the house and with the consent of Protestant parents, would go to a Roman Catholic priest for the blessing of the Church. However, by a happy afterthought, our author intimates that the ceremony was performed by a Roman Catholic priest, and as the exigencies of the story absolutely require it to have been performed by one, by a Roman Catholic priest it must be deemed to have been performed at the cost of any amount of intrinsic improbability. But when he passes from the question of fact to the question of law, Mr. Cyrus Redding becomes even more bewildering. Here is his lucid exposition of it. After stating that everything turned upon the Captain's religious profession at the time of the marriage, he continues thus:—"It was evident that, knowing Miss Fitzwalter to have been a Protestant, or *vice versa*, and having been married by a Roman Catholic clergyman, he must have been really a Catholic himself, or else have put on the character prospectively to render himself free of the marriage tie whenever he might think fit." The difficulties in the case increase as we proceed. We fail to see how the Captain's knowledge of Miss Fitzwalter's Protestantism could affect the question of his own Catholicism. If the lady was a Catholic, or, as he elegantly puts it, a "*vice versa*," the marriage, on his own contention, would have been good. If he "put on the character prospectively," which is simple nonsense, this would imply, if it implied anything at all, that at the time of the marriage he continued a Protestant, and this again would have been fatal to his case. Lastly, we are told that the point, whether the Captain was or was not a Roman Catholic at the time of his marriage, "could not be cleared up." But if it could not be cleared up, Mary Fitzwalter's marriage would have held good; whereas in the next sentence we are told "that it was no longer legal." The case must be placed on Lord Dundreary's list of things which no fellow can understand. There is no escape from the difficulties with which it bristles, except by the assumption that towards the close of the last century the Irish Bench were in the habit of giving very odd decisions.

One might naturally suppose that, however hopelessly Mr. Redding flounders at starting, this business of the Irish marriage to which he devotes the best part of a volume is at least to lead to something. An incident of such magnitude must be intended as the hinge on which the sequel of his story is to turn. Not a bit of it. It is merely a blind alley, in which the reader is left to grope while the author hurries off with provoking nonchalance to marshal into view a set of characters who in their way are quite unique, but who have nothing whatever to do with the main purpose, or what by courtesy may be considered the purpose, of the story. Mr. Redding's principal object seems to be to crowd his canvass with as many figures as possible, and to set them all talking his peculiar jargon. Almost at the beginning of the book, for instance, we have no less than three generations of the Fitzwalter family in full activity. There is Captain Fitzwalter, a stout old Tory, and garrulous, though endowed "with a finished genius for listening." He is fond of "brandy-wine," and a great patron of story-tellers or professors of "oral literature." His custom was "to honour the dining-room to a late hour," and "upon peculiar occasions he did not join the ladies in the drawing-room at all." In place of ascending, he would order a devilled biscuit or the wing of a fowl, and, drawing a fresh cork, would say, "Let us for once rehearse the practice of the good old times." In spite of this addiction to the bottle, or perhaps because of it, his talk is generally in a maudlin didactic strain. His propensity to moralize now and then runs into drivel, as when walking in a churchyard, the favourite resort of all Mr. Redding's characters when they take the air, he asks, "How will this look two thousand years hence, or anno 3860?" His companion sensibly observes that it won't much matter; whereupon the Captain rejoins fatuously, "It is better perhaps not to note time at all. . . . The old scoundrel with the forelock is a myth after all." Mary Fitzwalter prates after a different fashion, and on the whole more intelligibly. She is always moaning, particularly at garden parties, over her wrongs and Captain O'Brien's villainy. Constance, the offspring of the illegal marriage, is a marvellous instance of precocity. Well may Mr. Redding observe that she "grew rapidly," and that "nature operates great changes in the female form between fourteen and twenty." Barely has her

birth been recorded when we find her a bouncing miss, romping with the assistant of the accoucheur who had attended at her birth, after the following fashion:—"You sha'n't go, Mr. Jonas. I have hid away your hat, and you sha'n't have it unless you kiss us all to get it back—kiss us all round." Among her other virtues she was remarkable for "parental" affection, an odd virtue to be so early exhibited; but Mr. Redding merely means that she was fond of her parents. This is the sort of form which her girlish aspirations assume:—"How delicious are my sensations! I read yesterday that all which is innocent and pure is full of the spirit of love. Love is the spirit of nature before it is corrupted by mingling with the usages, and wearing the coarse garb, of interest." And she consoles her elegiac mother by remarking, quite with the air of an elder sister, "You must conquer these feelings, my dearest mother; you must moderate your sorrows. At present let us change the subject." Another equally pert member of the circle is Charles Fitzwalter, a Cambridge student, who lectures Lady Spangle on special providences, and discusses the curate question with his father, whom he addresses as "my dear sire," but finds so impervious to "the doctrine of the College of Fishermen" that he declines all further argument with him, fearing that his own attachment to reason would end in "uncovering his father's nakedness." At the remaining characters we must take a rapid glance. There is Lady Spangle, the alderman's wife, who is so enraged at being called a catechumen by the young Cantab, and at her husband's indifference to the insult, that she rushes into her dressing-room, upsets the looking-glass, plunges one of her feet into a pot of soft pomatum, and finally, dashing the pomatum-pot on the floor, breaks it into a thousand fragments. No wonder, after such an explosion, that she suddenly dies. In high life we have Lord Leverton, who gives a gala party at which the guests perform olden dances, such as "All in a Garden Green" and Kempe's Jig, but, not succeeding, fall back on "the less meaning dances of modern times." In low life, there is George Rivers, the son of a washerwoman with "an oblique cast in her eye" and a taste for "fiery potatoes," who, after a career of exemplary virtue, perishes somewhere in the China seas. Lower still, Mr. Redding carries us into the haunts of crime, and exhibits the interior of Newgate and its inmates. We have a trial at the Old Bailey of a "vengeful homicide whose eyes flash gleams of lurid fire," and who shows his teeth "bared to the gums," and whose last moments and execution are very minutely detailed. Lastly, there is the hangman, who talks ecstatically in praise of George III. and his bloody code, but who observes in the next breath that, owing to the progress of law reform, "he has not half a dozen jobs a year in Lunnion"—an anachronism which is only to be surpassed by that in p. 17, vol. ii., where a lawyer's clerk, a subject of the same monarch, has recourse to the electric telegraph.

Perhaps the most remarkable delineation in this work is that of a lawyer in love. James Leverton is the son of a proud Whig peer, and a rising young barrister. No one better promised to succeed "in the arid pursuit which consigned Thurlow and Eldon each to the immortality of his admirers." But he had one advantage over those eminent men, in the possession of "a refined mind," and of "generous views which have not always found examples in the many-coloured sages of equity." He had no idea of an early marriage. His taste ran more on black-letter lore, the glories of the early statute-books, and exactness in the technicalities of the law, than in invoking either the Muses, the sublimities of the astronomer, or the speculations of science. This being his character, one is not surprised to find that his love-making assumes a highly forensic tone. Lawyers, Mr. Redding observes, are "not wholly incapable of love," but even love with them must be made technical, and law, in place of poetry of the soul, must colour their aspirations. Consequently, though some of Mr. Leverton's love-letters were "unprofessionally affectionate," his tender correspondence in general savoured of his trade. We are told that he wrote his *billets-doux* on brief paper, for instance, with his dates in words at full length, and his epithets in larger text "than they do who are out of a profession so narrow in scope and so unlimited in repetition by the un felicitous interference of the *weariest* words." Let us hope that they were expressed in more grammatical language than this wonderful sentence, which is about an average specimen of Mr. Redding's style. Mr. Leverton's love-letters, however, are nothing to his love-making in person. Walking in a churchyard, of all places in the world, he observes, *à propos des tombeaux*, that he "stood last year and looked on a relative's tomb far off in the Duchy of the Heir Apparent of England" (why not Cornwall?), and that a friend of his had said, quite promiscuously it seems, "My father's grave did utter forth a voice." Then, passing from this melancholy but totally incomprehensible theme, he tells Constance, in language sufficiently poetical for a votary of legal technicalities, that "no dream had crossed his enraptured vision but she was invovnen in the fairy texture," and that "dreams arise from our waking thoughts." At this point his forensic proclivities reassert themselves, for he adds characteristically, "I will not point out to what inference, if true, this fact must lead you." To this the young lady coquettishly replies, "Go to, my dear—I mean James Leverton—the honourable and—." With much gallantry her lover begs her to repeat "that my dear," asking why she "resiles," whatever that may mean. This leads to a burst of tears, after which Constance explains her sudden pause thus:—"I was going to say 'my dear James Leverton.' I let go a slip of the tongue unguardedly." Henceforward the

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awkwardness of addressing a young barrister who happened to be the second son of an earl was entirely surmounted. In future it was, "My dear Constance, will you indulge me with a song to the piano?" and "My dear James, let us go, and walking in the garden, turn florists for an hour or two." Mr. Leverton's attachment to a young lady who was the offspring of the curious marriage detailed in volume i. was naturally mortifying to the proud earl his father, to whom "the vital fluid had passed from some Norman who lived about the year 912, attenuated through the veins of more than a million of ancestors." The fact that Lord Leverton had more than a million ancestors in the direct line in a period of eight hundred years suggests a terrible picture of the hereditary mortality in the family, and prepares one for the rapidity with which he and his heir apparent are shuffled off the scene. By their abrupt removal the daughter of the repudiated Mary Fitzwalter becomes a countess, a stroke of poetical justice over which Mr. Cyrus Redding—or, as he prefers at last to call himself, Providence—flaps his wings and gives vent to a loud cackle of triumph. He flatters himself that it is checkmate to the wicked, malicious, cruel, immoral, abominable, diabolical statute "19 George II.," which he is always breaking away from his context to vituperate with the same sort of "damnable iteration" with which old Caspar in the ballad reverts to his "famous victory." "In her person the gross abuse of its legislative power by a faction to gratify religious antipathies was compensated in a manner scarcely to be expected." One female less was immolated. A "solitary of her sex" exhibited an unforeseen success. Are we to infer from these mysterious expressions that the whole womanhood of the United Kingdom is the prey of a statute which Mr. Redding stigmatizes in his preface as the work of demons rather than of men?

Comment on a work like this would be needless, if it were not that, on the strength of its title and its impudent pretensions to "a foundation in fact," some novel-reader with a taste for a "purpose" in his novel might be deluded into taking it up. To say that by comparison the style of any penny novel we have ever seen is chaste and classical is to give a very faint notion of the recklessness with which, in every page, phrases and epithets are piled up in utter disregard of their proper meaning. To say that there is hardly a paragraph that will construe, is greatly to understate the audacious violations of idiom and grammar with which it teems. We cannot part with Mr. Cyrus Redding without putting to him this simple question—Would it not be worth his while, before venturing again into print, to study the structure of a simple sentence, and to master the three concords? Can he suppose that his invective against unrighteous laws, for the sincerity of which we give him due credit, is at all more effective for being wedded to a story which is more like an hallucination of Colney Hatch than anything in real life, and to faults of grammar for which any National schoolboy would blush?

#### LIBER MONASTERII DE HYDA.\*

THE *Liber de Hyda* does not add much to our knowledge of the early history of the country, for it was written long after the latest period of which it treats, nor will its contents commend themselves to a large number of readers of any class. Yet it contains some matter which has never been in print before, and, as a Chronicle of the Abbey of Hyda, in Hampshire, it is far more complete than any account, or indeed, we may say, than all the accounts that have ever been given to the public relating to it. We are glad, therefore, to welcome its appearance in the valuable series of the Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages. The name of its editor is new to this series, and, in spite of some serious objections which we shall have to allege against the execution of the volume, we shall be pleased to see any future work coming out under the same auspices. Mr. Edwards has applied himself to his task *con amore*, and has spared no labour in any part of its execution.

At first sight the volume before us appeared so complete in all its parts as to leave nothing to be desired. The text is apparently edited with great exactness. The introduction gives a full and circumstantial account of the manuscript from which the volume is printed, and also a valuable *résumé* of the history of the Abbey. The appendix contains translations of such documents as appear in Anglo-Saxon. And the book concludes with a glossary of obsolete, corrupt, and obscure words, a valuable index of places, and a complete general index. It seems as if its editor would not be content unless he could make his readers nearly as familiar as he is himself with the beautiful volume which he has so minutely described. He has given us a specimen of it by printing as his frontispiece the verso of folio 4, and if this is a fair sample of the volume, it must be in a rare state of preservation, and has been written and illuminated in excellent style. The comparison of this page with the three corresponding pages of the printed volume enables us to illustrate one of the principal faults we have to find with the mode of its execution.

Every volume of these Chronicles commences with an account of the origin of the series, and in every volume we meet with the proposal "that each Chronicle and historical document should be

edited in such a manner as to represent with all possible correctness the text of each writer derived from a collation of the best MSS., and that no notes should be added except such as were illustrative of the various readings." Now, in the face of these proposals, we submit that the present volume, in common with other volumes of the series, exhibits a material variation from the original intention of the Master of the Rolls. It was proposed that the documents should be treated in the same way as if the editor were engaged on an *editio princeps*, and that the most correct text should be made from an accurate collation of the best MSS. That is to say, the editor was meant to produce as nearly as possible what the original writer actually wrote, and not what his modern editor might think he ought to have written. We have before now complained of a departure from these instructions. And in the present instance we are enabled to place before the reader some of the facts by which, if he has the book in his hand, he may judge for himself of the rights of the case, without being obliged to have recourse to a laborious collation of the printed text with the original manuscript.

After what we have said of the exactness with which the text has been edited, our readers will perhaps be surprised to hear that in one page of folio 4 there are as many as thirty variations between the MS. and the printed copy. Nor does this statement at all interfere with our view of the editor's accuracy, though it materially affects our opinion of his judgment. He has probably in no case misread his MS., which is indeed so legibly written that there would have been no excuse for a mistake of this kind. But, after making due allowance for one misprint, or perhaps two, and a few alterations which he has omitted to notice at the foot of the page, the rest of the variations appear to be alterations designed on the part of the editor. They are not, it is true, of much significance, but, nevertheless, they are not absolutely unimportant.

We think that it is quite worth while to preserve the mode of spelling Latin which prevailed in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, if only as contributing its quota towards a more accurate method than that which obtains at the present day. People are hardly yet getting over the surprise with which they first witnessed the substitution, in an edition of Virgil, of the form *Vergilius* in place of the accustomed *Virgilius*. And it is not improbable that a future generation may look upon the spelling of *pulcher* for *pulcrer* as a mere barbarism, to be classed with other inventions of past centuries, when the aspirate was freely inserted after *t* and *c*, without any other justification than the prevailing mispronunciation of the period. Now other editors in this series have altered the MS. from which they print, and have chronicled the original reading in a note. This, as we have on a former occasion observed, appears to us to be a mistake; but Mr. Edwards has gone beyond previous editors, in that he has frequently spelt words in the correct Latin form when the MS. has them in a wrong form, and has in some cases added no notice of the alteration; and as this has been done about twenty times in a single page, we suppose we may say, without exaggeration, that there must be several hundred instances of this kind of variation of spelling in the compass of the volume. None of these are of more importance than the mode of printing such words as *præoccupassent* and *millibus* (p. 27), which are substituted for *præoccupassent* and *millibus*; and again, in p. 29, *presbytero* and *undecunque*, which are tacitly printed in place of the MS. readings *presbitero* and *undincunque*. Such alterations as these the editor has designedly made, and, as designedly, has omitted to call attention to them. But there are other instances where he has carelessly neglected to chronicle a real blunder of the scribe who copied from an earlier MS.—as *e. g.* on the same page, the words *Johanne Monacho*, which must undoubtedly have been intended by the original compiler of the Chronicle, are silently substituted for *Johannem Monachum*, the faulty reading of the MS. There are other slight instances of inaccuracy which perhaps show an unpractised hand, and may justify the supposition that in other places, where without seeing the original we cannot judge, there are a few similar inaccuracies. Still, upon the whole, the volume appears to us to deserve being spoken of as well edited. Nevertheless, we must not neglect to point out the very remarkable editorial blunder of substituting *infra* for *intra* in two instances, at p. 41. When we have added that Mr. Edwards does not always write with ease or fluency, and that he is sometimes guilty of solecisms in grammar, we have stated the sum total of the objections that we care to make to his literary labour.

The MS. itself was found by the editor in Lord Macclesfield's library at Sherbourne. It is the original of MS. No. 717 of the Lansdowne Collection, which was put together by John Stowe in the year 1572, and has been described by Mr. Duffus Hardy in his Catalogue of MSS. relating to the early history of Great Britain. Its pedigree is not distinctly traced; neither is there any accurate account of the changes of ownership which the Lansdowne copy has undergone. The latter was in the possession of Sir Henry St. George in 1697, whilst of the migrations of the original no trace has been discovered from its first quitting Hyda Abbey till its arrival at Sherbourne Castle. And probably no further light will be thrown upon its history. The library in which it exists was founded by Thomas Parker, the first Earl, near the beginning of the eighteenth century, and it is impossible to decide whether this MS. belonged to the original collection, or whether it has been subsequently added to it by one of his successors, or, again, whether it was amongst the books bequeathed to the second Earl by his friend William Jones. It is, however, unlikely that so important

\* *Liber Monasterii de Hyda*: comprising a Chronicle of the Affairs of England from the Settlement of the Saxons to the Reign of King Cnut; also a Chantry of the Abbey of Hyda in Hampshire, A.D. 455-1023. Edited by Edward Edwards, Esq. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

a volume should have been added to the library without some record of the fact having been preserved. The most reasonable hypothesis, therefore, is that it was overlooked at the time of the purchase of the estate from Thomas, Viscount Gage, whose father had married an heiress of the Chamberlaynes, an old Roman Catholic family of the neighbourhood.

The date of the compilation of the volume is subsequent to A.D. 1354, as appears from the reference to that year in the account given of the foundation of the University of Oxford, where the writer goes out of his way to narrate the "town and gown row" which was the cause of the removal of the University from St. Giles', on the north side of the city, to a safer site within the old city walls. The arrangement of the contents of the Chronicle is not very systematic. It contains a brief survey of the early history of the country down to the beginning of the tenth century, when the New Minster, as Hyde was formerly called, was founded in Winchester by Alfred's son and successor, Edward. After this period the Chronicle is chiefly confined to matters referring to the Abbey, though these details are interspersed with an abridged history of Edward's three sons and successors—Athelstan, Edmund, and Edred; and the two sons and successors of Edmund—the profligate Edwy, and his brother Edgar, whose connexion with Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, is so well known. Some account of Edgar's two sons, St. Edward and Ethelred, follows, and the Chronicle terminates abruptly in the middle of a sentence, just after it has recorded the translation of Alfric Bishop of Winchester to the Archbishopric of York, in the reign of Canute, A.D. 1023. The editor tells us that the earlier part of it is divided into eleven chapters, after which this mode of division ceases. For eleven probably we ought to read thirteen, for that is the number of chapters he has given us in his text; and the leaf of facsimile has plainly enough, in red letters, Capitulum XII.

We have said that the *Liber Monasterii de Hyda* cannot be considered to possess much interest as far as regards general history. Neither can it be said that the grants and privileges conferred by successive Anglo-Saxon monarchs, whatever other value they may have, afford much amusing or even ordinarily interesting reading. But the volume enables us to correct a few common mistakes of history; and, if there were no other benefit derivable from it, that would be a sufficient justification of its appearance in the series projected by the Master of the Rolls. Amongst other facts of history corrected in this volume is the often-repeated story of Alfred's having been the founder of the Abbey. Rudborne, in his *Historia Major Windoniensis*, reduces this statement to the more modest form that Alfred began to found it; and the present volume further qualifies this by attributing to Alfred the intention which, after his death, was carried into effect by Edward the elder at Grimbold's instigation, the intention itself having been formed only in the last year of Alfred's reign.

We cannot follow Mr. Edwards through his laborious and interesting account of the history of Hyde Abbey. He gives the facts as he finds them, with the rigid impartiality of an historian. Its history probably differs but little from that of most other Benedictine monasteries, though, from its being so close under the eye of so powerful a superior as the Bishop of Winchester, it was watched more narrowly than most others. Its annals seem to present little else than a series of visitations and projected reforms. On one of these occasions its character was completely changed from the Augustinian to the Benedictine rule, and as early as in the first century of its existence we find serious scandal caused by the conduct of its monks. Mr. Edwards observes that the irregularities are described by regular monks, "little inclined to soften the misdeeds of secular and married priests." The expression is unfortunate, as a casual reader, unaccustomed to ecclesiastical history, would of course infer from it that marriage amongst the secular clergy was both common and authorized; whereas John of Tynemouth, the writer of the account, expressly finds fault with these seculars for having married wives unlawfully, and then repudiating them and marrying others.

Many perhaps were the misdemeanours of the abbots and monks of Hyde, but the scandalous conduct of its last presiding genius, John Capon, or Salcot, Bishop first of Bangor and afterwards of Salisbury, can scarcely be charged upon the monastic system. He was forced upon the reluctant brethren by the same process which extorted the approval of the King's divorce from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. A right decision being hopeless in the ordinary course of procedure, a select body of the electors was fixed upon whose judgment should be binding on the rest; and Salcot was chosen in January, 1530, and eight years afterwards surrendered the Abbey to the King. Mr. Edwards has gone beyond his province in giving an account of the tergiversations of this contemptible prelate, who managed to adapt himself to all the changes of religion of the latter years of the reign of Henry VIII. and that of Edward VI., and then, in Queen Mary's reign, sat in judgment on his brother Hooper, the Protestant Bishop of Gloucester, and sentenced him to the flames. All this does not belong to Mr. Edwards's subject, yet we feel a kind of sympathy with the editor, who seems unable to forbear from showing up the versatile career of the able and unscrupulous churchman who won the Abbey of Hyde by his services against poor Katherine of Arragon, and then repaid the King for his promotion to Campeggio's chair by eating his own words and concurring in the divorce of Anne of Cleves. But Mr. Edwards has omitted to notice one point, which makes his tergiversation more flagrant—namely, that he actually sat on the Commission for trying Heynes, Dean of Exeter, for holding Protestant opinions, in 1543. His reputa-

tion could hardly have been blacker if he had lived on into Elizabeth's reign, when he would most assuredly have gone with the tide and retained his bishopric, and thus have saved the Queen the mortification of being crowned by so insignificant a person as Oglethorp, Bishop of Carlisle.

#### NOTICE.

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Nearly all the back Numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained through any Bookseller, or of the Publisher, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., to whom all Communications relating to Advertisements should likewise be addressed.

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#### BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM will be CLOSED on the 2nd, and RE-OPENED on the 9th, of September 1867. No Visitor can be admitted from the 2nd to the 7th of September, inclusive.

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Members and Persons proposing to attend the approaching Meeting, and wanting information as to Lodgings and Local Arrangements, will please apply to the Local Secretaries, at their Office in the Queen's College, Belfast.

**RAY SOCIETY.**—The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the RAY SOCIETY will be held at DUNDEE (during the Meeting of the British Association), on Friday, September 6, 1867.

H. T. STANTON, F.R.S., Secretary.

**ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.**—The INTRODUCTORY LECTURE will be given by Mr. HOLMES on Tuesday, October 1, at 2 p.m. House Physicians and House Surgeons are selected from the perpetual Pupils according to merit. The paid Offices of Curator, Registrar, Demonstrator, and Obstetric Assistant are offered for competition annually. Perpetual Pupil's Fee, 100 Guineas.

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The SESSION 1867-8 will commence on Tuesday, the 15th October, when the Supplemental Scholarship and other Examinations will be proceeded with as laid down in the Prospectus. The EXAMINATION for MATRICULATION in the several Faculties of Arts, Law, and Medicine, and in the Department of Engineering, will be held on Friday, the 18th October. Further information and Copies of the Prospectus may be had on application to the Registrar.

Queen's College, Galway, August 22, 1867.

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August 31, 1867.]

## The Saturday Review.

## EASTBOURNE COLLEGE.

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Assistant-Masters.  
The Rev. F. W. BURBRIDGE, M.A., late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge.  
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